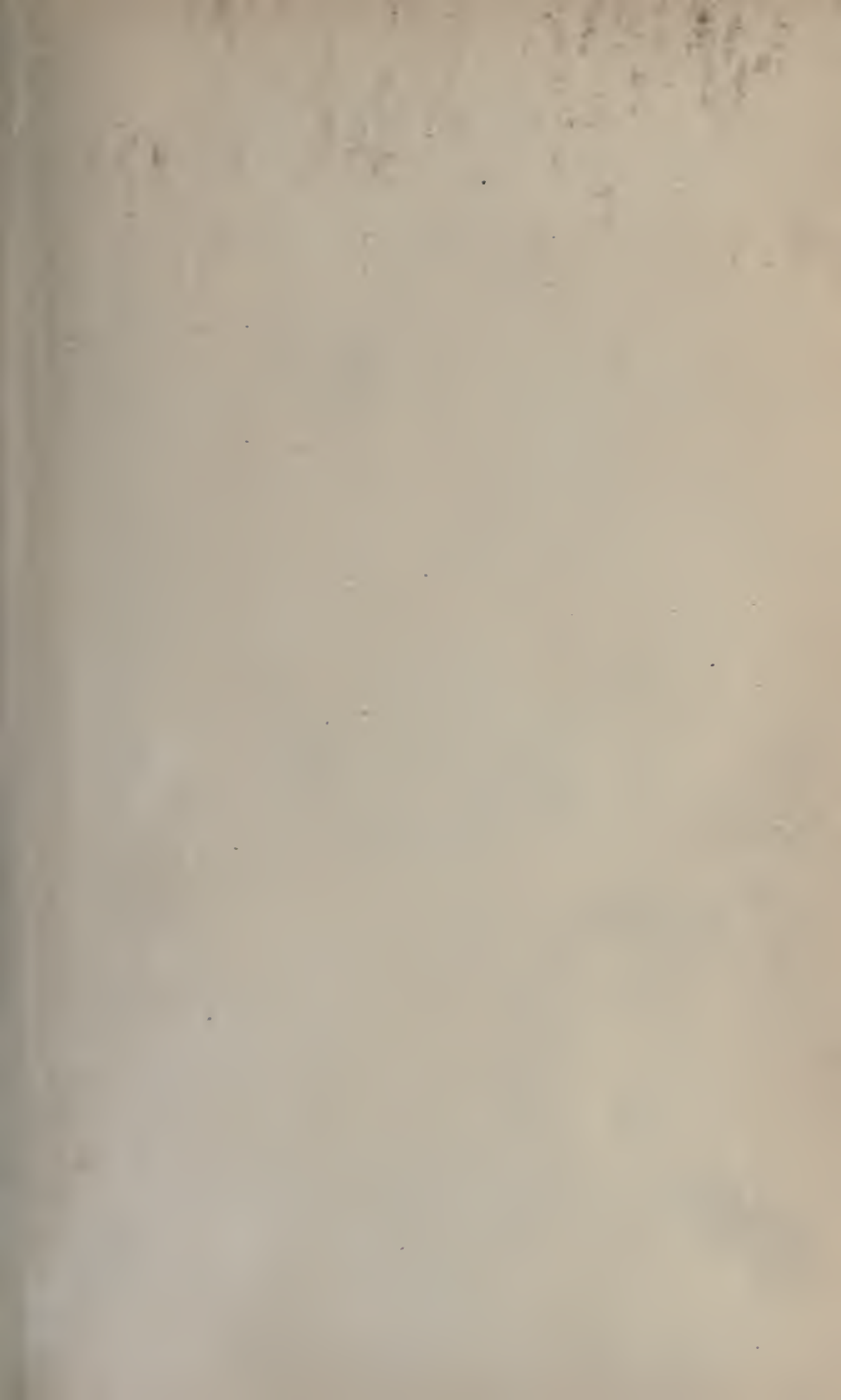




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VOICES  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.



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“ Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

“ Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

—“ IN MEMORIAM.”

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# VOICES OF THE XIX<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY.

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## CHAPTER I.

MODERN HISTORY.—Modern history appears to be not only *a* step in advance of ancient history, but *the* last step; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of time, as if there would be no future history beyond it. For the last eighteen hundred years Greece has fed the human intellect; Rome, taught by Greece and improving upon her teacher, has been the source of law and government and social civilization; and what neither Greece nor Rome could furnish, the perfection of moral and spiritual truth, has been given by Christianity. The changes which have been wrought have arisen out of the reception of these elements by new races; races endowed with such force of character that what was old in itself, when exhibited in them, seemed to become something new. But races so gifted are, and have been from the beginning of the world, few in number: the

mass of mankind have no such power; they either receive the impression of foreign elements so completely that their own individual character is absorbed, and they take their whole being from without; or, being incapable of taking higher elements, they dwindle away when brought into the presence of a more powerful life, and become at last extinct altogether. Now, looking anxiously round the world for any new races which may receive the seed (so to speak) of our present history into a kindly yet a vigorous soil, and may reproduce it, the same and yet new, for a future period, we know not where such are to be found.\* Some appear exhausted, others incapable, and yet the surface of the whole globe is known to us. The Roman colonies along the banks of the Rhine and Danube looked out on the country beyond those rivers as we look up at the stars, and actually see with our eyes a world of which we know nothing. The Romans knew that there was a vast portion of earth which they did not know; how vast it might be, was a part of its mysteries. But to us all is explored: imagination

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\* What may be done hereafter by the Slavonic nations is not prejudged by this statement, because the Slavonic nations are elements of our actual history, although their powers may be as yet only partially developed.

can hope for no new Atlantic island, to realise the vision of Plato's Critias: no new continent peopled by youthful races, the destined restorers of our worn-out generations. Everywhere the search has been made, and report has been received; we have the full amount of earth's resources before us, and they seem inadequate to supply life for a third period of human history.

*Dr. Arnold.*

---

RUSSIA AND AMERICA.—There are at the present time two great nations in the world which seem to tend towards the same end, although they started from different points—I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and, whilst the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place among the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time. All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth: all the others have stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty; these are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human

eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russians are men: the former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilisation with all its weapons and its arts; the conquests of the one are therefore gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the sword.

*De Tocqueville.*

---

AMERICA.—Democratic institutions will not, and cannot, exist permanently in North America. The frightful anarchy which has prevailed in the southern states since the great interests dependent on slave-emancipation were brought into jeopardy; the irresistible sway of the majority, and the rapid tendency of that majority to deeds of atrocity and blood; the increasing jealousy, on mercantile grounds, of the northern and southern states—all demonstrate that the Union cannot permanently hold together, and that the innumerable millions of the Anglo-American race must be divided into separate states, like the descendants of the Gothic conquerors of Europe. Out of this second great settlement of mankind will arise separate kingdoms, and interests, and passions, as out of the first. But democratic habits and desires



will still prevail; and long after necessity and the passions of an advanced age of civilisation have established firm and aristocratic governments, founded on the sway of property in the old states, republican ambition and jealousy will not cease to impel millions into the great wave that approaches the Rocky Mountains. Democratic ideas will not be moderated in the New World till they have performed their destined end, and brought the Christian race to the shores of the Pacific.\* *Sir Archibald Alison.*

---

AMERICAN UNION.—Naturally one would have thought that there would have been greater sympathy between the northern and north-western states of the American Union and England, than between England and the southern states. There is ten times as much English blood and spirit in New England as in Virginia, the Carolinas, &c. Nevertheless, such has been the force of the interests of commerce, that now, and for some years past, the people of the north hate England with increasing bitterness, whilst, amongst those of the south, who are Jacobins, the British connexion has become

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\* Blackwood's Mag., January, 1836, and May, 1847.

popular. Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the northern and southern states? I think not. In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the states arises. The American Union has no *centre*, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indian's land, the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the states as splendid masses to be used, by and by, in the composition of two or three great governments.

*S. T. Coleridge, 1830.*

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SLAVERY IS MISCHIEVOUS.—The advantages to individual slave-owners must be great indeed if they can balance the national evils resulting from slavery. The good effect produced upon their characters by slave-owning must be very considerable, if it can compensate for the evils they have to endure as citizens of a slave state—namely, the weakness, moral, intellectual, and physical, of the state, and the chronic fear of insurrection. Now, *à priori*, the owning of slaves would not occur to one as a ready method of forming greatness of character. We do not find on this side of the Atlantic that those classes



who are least contradicted are the wisest people amongst us. We should think, too, that if there is one evil greater than almost any other for a child, it would be to be brought up, as must often happen, amongst those over whom it is taught to exercise supreme authority, and with whom it is not encouraged to sympathise. Human nature differs in planter latitudes from human nature here, if the child accustomed to despotic sway from infancy does not grow up despotic, headstrong, and capricious. And, as the most delicate plants suffer most from any blighting influence, we should expect that women would be even more injured than men by possessing arbitrary power over slaves.\* *Arthur Helps.*

---

RUSSIA.—No empire of ancient or modern history, equals Russia in the rapid and yet steady accumulation of power. The chieftaincy of the Tartar tribes may have rushed over deserts with a more impetuous speed, but they left them the deserts which they found them. Their capitals were but encampments; their career was as trackless as the wind; the

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\* From 'Essays on Slavery' in the 'Friends in Council,' published by Pickering.

day that laid the conqueror in the grave, entombed the empire. But the Russian conquests have been like the Roman: where they have once advanced, they have never receded. Every year has thus seen them acquiring new substance. Even when they have been checked, the check has only given them new solidity. If the lava was extinguished by the tide, it was only to be turned into rock; and even that rock only to form a point of projection for another fiery overflow. . . .

The darkness which closed over the Greek empire in the fifteenth century, and which seemed to grow only deeper and more lifeless in the growing illumination of Europe, is beginning to be shot through with gleamings of unexpected light which portend the dawn. Whether the progress of Russia is to level the road for the triumphal car of civilization, and civilization itself to be only the forerunner of the Gospel, are lofty questions; but it is clear that some mighty change is approaching, whether by the hand of conquest, extinguishing barbarism in its own blood, or by some other more unselfish and animating agency — whether by the gory sword of Russia, or the golden sceptre of England — who shall reveal? Yet upon this decision may turn the question of universal peace or universal war;

of the descent of Europe into the dungeon, or of its advance into unclouded day; of the absorption of all its faculties into the single brute element of military force, or their brilliant and expansive development into the consummate enjoyments, knowledge, and power over nature, which were once intended for man.

But the fall of Russia, too, is fated. No nation beginning as she has done, and persevering in the principles which stamped her character in the cradle, can finally escape the common justice of Providence. With man for her victim, craft for her policy, and plunder for her ambition, she must be only ripening ruin for herself. No nation of the modern world has so exclusively made rapine the principle of her progress; her downfall therefore is inevitable. Yet it may still be remote. The Cain of nations, she may be suffered to wander far and wander long, to build the city and found the tribe; she may even be guarded from the common indignation of man, but it will be by the mark on her forehead; and, preserved like the first homicide, like him she will finally perish in the general ruin, which guilt, ambition, and violence will have drawn down upon the Infidel world.

*Croly.*

AUSTRIA.—The tardiness of Austria is proverbial. Her territory is an immense expanse of states thinly peopled, one-half of them scarcely above barbarism, and the great majority either in direct discontent, as the Hungarian provinces, or utterly careless who their master may be, as Croatia, Transylvania, and the whole range of her south-eastern dominions. Italy, her chief boast, is her first peril. The Italians, a contemptible and vicious people, deserve the chain, and will always be slaves, while society among them continues the idle and profligate thing it is. This great European haunt of the most grovelling superstition, and the most open licentiousness, its natural and unfailing offspring, must be under the government of the jailor and the hangman ; but Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, hates the name of Austrian ; and the first foreign banner that waves to the winds of the Apennines will be shouted after by Italy as a deliverer. Yet the nervous eagerness of retention is as keen as the subtle and undying hatred of the slave ; and the threat of an Austrian invasion of Italy, a threat which a Mediterranean fleet would always render ominous, must lay the Austrian Cabinet at the mercy of the Czar.\*

*Croly.*

---

\* Written 1829.



PRUSSIA.—Of all the great European powers, Prussia is the most exposed to Russian invasion. Her strength is wholly in her army, the most expensive, artificial, and precarious of all defences. We have already seen it vanish away, like a mist, before the fiery brilliancy of Napoleon. It perished in a day; literally, between sunrise and sunset, the army of Prussia was a mass of confusion, the kingdom at the feet of a conqueror, the king crownless, and the nation captive. Prussia has no mountains, where a bold peasantry might supply the place of discipline by courage, and make nature fight for them; no great rivers for defence; no ranges of wild territory in which the steps of an invader might be wearied by long pursuit; no fierce and iron climate in which the clouds and snow might war against the human presumption that dared to assault the majesty of Winter in his own domain. . . .

Family alliances, the recollection of the late war, and the value of a Continental support against Austrian ambition, which has never forgotten the loss of Silesia, have made Prussia for many years look to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg as her natural confederate. Her bias is already in the strongest degree Russian. We might discover this, even from the

tone of the Prussian journals during the Turkish war. Russia was the theme of perpetual panegyric. Her defeats were "victories," and her policy "consummate in ability and vigour."

But a tangible temptation is ready to be offered, and it is one that once before won the Prussian heart. Hanover, and the mouths of the Elbe and Ems, would give her manufacturing and commercial wealth, and Hanover would be the bribe. With Austria and Prussia thus at her control, as a barrier against France (if France, too, were not drawn into the snare by the easy promise of Egypt), Russia would have leisure for her operations to secure the supremacy of the Mediterranean, and but one rival to oppose—England.\*

*Croly.*

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## CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCH.—As a people, they have never taken Mammon for their God. They have not allowed the cares of life to annihilate its healthful illusions, or to poison its blameless delights. They have ever rendered a voluntary, or an unconscious, alle-

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\* Written 1829.



giance to those dominant minds of their nation who have ruled by force of reason or eloquence, of wit or genius, justly or unjustly ascribed to them by the suffrages of the multitude.

He, therefore, who would interpret the fate of the dynasties and of the people of France, must study her political by the light of her ecclesiastical, forensic, and literary history.

*Sir James Stephen.*

---

THE French are the only people who, in poetry, look to the *object* of the composition ; and they, perhaps, understand better than any other nation how to accomplish their purpose.

*Sismondi.*

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BOOKS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.—During the Regency first began the floods of books of all kinds, attacking, some with argument and some with ridicule, the established religion, government, and morals. To remedy this abuse, the Regent renewed an ancient order, forbidding all printers and booksellers to print and publish any book without permission of the Keeper of the Seals, and any pamphlets or loose sheets without permission of the judge of the district, and the approbation of censors appointed for that purpose. Thus did the Regent attempt to stifle

that license of discussion which his conduct had provoked ; but as the quantity of water which puts out a small fire only adds fuel to a large one, so difficulties and prohibitions, which often extinguish a sect, add new vigour to the progress of a nation. The classes which had been enriched under Louis the Fourteenth now began to exercise their minds, and surveyed their rulers with the eyes of men unenslaved by prejudice, and prepared to value everything according to its worth. *Lord John Russell.*

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SOCIAL REPUBLIC.—According to the doctrines of the Social Republic, God is an unknown imaginary power, upon whom the visible and real rulers of men upon earth throw the weight of their own responsibility ; and by thus directing the eyes of the suffering towards another Master and another state of existence, dispose them to acquiesce in their afflictions, whilst they secure themselves in the maintenance of their usurpations.

According, then, to this doctrine, God is evil ; for it is in his name that men are persuaded to acquiesce in evil. To banish evil from the earth, it therefore is necessary to banish God from the mind of man. Men

left alone with their earthly masters, and reduced to an earthly existence, will demand the enjoyments of this life and the equal distribution of these enjoyments; and as soon as those who are without them insist on having them, they will have them, for they are the strongest. Thus God and the human race will disappear together. In their place will remain animals still bearing the name of men, more intelligent and more powerful than other animals, but having the same condition and the same destiny; and like them seizing, on their passage through life, their portion of the goods of earth and the pleasures of sense, according to the combined measure of their wants and their strength, which constitute their right.

*Guizot.*

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FRENCH REVOLUTION.—The popular notion is, we believe, that the leading Terrorists were wicked men, but at the same time great men. We can see nothing great about them but their wickedness. That their policy was daringly original is a vulgar error. Their policy is as old as the oldest accounts which we have of human misgovernment. It seemed new in France and in the eighteenth century only because it had been long disused, for excellent reasons, by the

enlightened part of mankind ; but it has always prevailed, and still prevails, in savage and half-savage nations, and is the chief cause which prevents such nations from making advances towards civilization. Thousands of deys, of beys, of pashas, of rajahs, of nabobs, have shown themselves as great masters of statecraft as the members of the Committee of Public Safety. Djezzar, we imagine, was superior to any of them in their new line. In fact, there is not a petty tyrant in Asia or Africa so dull or so unlearned as not to be fully qualified for the business of Jacobin police and Jacobin finance. To behead people by scores, without caring whether they are guilty or innocent ; to wring money out of the rich by the help of jailors and executioners ; to rob the public creditor, and to put him to death if he remonstrates ; to take loaves by force out of the bakers' shops ; to clothe and mount soldiers by seizing on one man's wool and linen, and on another man's horses and saddles, without compensation ; is of all modes of government the simplest and most obvious. Of its morality we at present say nothing ; but surely it requires no capacity beyond that of a barbarian or a child. By means like those which we have described, the Committee of Public Safety undoubtedly succeeded, for a short time, in enforcing profound submission, and in raising immense



funds; but to enforce submission by butchery, and to raise funds by spoliation, is not statesmanship. The real statesman is he who, in troubled times, keeps down the turbulent without unnecessarily harassing the well affected; and who, when great pecuniary resources are needed, provides for the public exigences without violating the security of property and drying up the sources of future prosperity. Such a statesman, we are confident, might, in 1793, have preserved the independence of France without shedding a drop of innocent blood, without plundering a single warehouse. Unhappily, the Republic was subject to men who were mere demagogues, and in no sense statesmen. They could declaim at a club, they could lead a rabble to mischief, but they had no skill to conduct the affairs of an empire. The want of skill they supplied, for a time, by atrocity and blind violence. For legislative ability, fiscal ability, military ability, diplomatic ability, they had one substitute—the guillotine. Indeed their exceeding ignorance and the barrenness of their invention are the best excuse for their murders and robberies. We really believe that they would not have cut so many throats, and picked so many pockets, if they had known how to govern in any other way. *Lord Macaulay.*

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REIGN OF TERROR.—The power of the clubs and the Paris mob did not at all rest upon the refusal of the Government to give whatever improvements were required by the state of France. No pretext could be urged on any such ground either to justify or to palliate the enormities of those who permitted them to usurp and to abuse supreme power. The utmost latitude had been given to reformation in every branch of the state, long before any attempts were made to subvert the constitutional government; and the success of those attempts had nothing whatever to do with the views or the grievances of reformers, or with any complaints of the people. . . .

If any one had before 1789, ay, or even before 1792, foretold that the French people would submit to a law preventing men upon trial for their lives from being heard in their own defence, and commanding that the judges should condemn to death for political offences without evidence, he would have been laughed to scorn as a false prophet, and reprobated as a public slanderer. But if any one had pretended to foresee the time when the statue of a miscreant universally scorned and detested for daily recommending the wholesale murder of his fellow-creatures, without a vestige of those talents

which too often conceal the nakedness of guilt, or those graces which lend a passing hue of fairness to the external surface of moral poison, would, with general applause, even of those who had loathed him living, be enshrined in the national temple of glory, among men whose genius and virtue had long been the pride of the French people—assuredly such a seer would have been deemed insane. Can anything more strikingly or more frightfully impress upon the mind a sense of the mischiefs which may spring from popular enthusiasm, when bad men obtain a sway over a nation little informed, and unable or unwilling to think and judge for itself; ready to believe whatever it is told by interested informants, to follow whatever is recommended by false advisers acting for their own selfish ends? That no such scenes could now be renewed in France we may safely venture to affirm, though much mischief might still be wrought by undue popular excitement. That in this country such things are wholly impossible needs no proof; the very least of the terrible departures from justice which marked the course of the French mob-tyranny, would at once overthrow whatever person might here attempt to reign by such means, and would probably drive us into some extremes diametrically opposite to those which had



given birth to any outrage of the kind. But this security arises wholly from the people's habit of thinking for themselves, and the impossibility of any one making them act upon grounds which they do not comprehend, or for purposes in which they have no manifest interest, or to suit views carefully concealed from them, and only covered over with vague phrases, which in this country are always the source of incurable distrust.

It is impossible to say the same thing of all portions of our people; it would be most false to assert, for example, that the Irish are safe from such influence. On the contrary, they manifestly do not think and judge for themselves; they certainly are in the hands of persons who need not take the trouble to give sound reasons, or any reasons at all, for their advice. The Irish people are excited and moved to action in the mass, by appeals to matters of which they do not take the pains to comprehend even the outline, much less to reflect on the import or tendency. They are made, and easily made, to exert themselves for things of which they have formed no distinct idea, and in which they have no real interest whatever. They leave to others, their spiritual and their political guides, the task of forming their opinions for them, if mere cry and clamour, mere

running about and shouting, can be called opinions. They never are suspicious of a person's motives, merely because they see he has an interest in deceiving them. They never weigh the probabilities of the tale, nor the credit of him that tells it. They may be deceived by the same person nine times in succession, and they will believe him just as implicitly the tenth; nay, were he to confess that he had wilfully deceived them to suit a purpose of his own, they would only consider this a proof of his honesty, and lend an ear, if possible, more readily to his next imposture. A people thus uninstructed, thus excited, thus guided, are most deeply to be pitied; and the duty is most imperative of their rulers, by all means, and without delay, to rescue them from such ignorance, and save them from such guides, by every kindly mode of treatment which a paternal government can devise. But such a people, especially if the natural goodness of their dispositions were not outraged by scenes of a cruel kind, would easily be moved to witness and to suffer the grossest violations of justice, would let themselves be hallooed on to the attack of their best friends by any wily impostor that might have gained their confidence, and would suffer men as base and execrable as Marat to usurp the honours of their Pantheon. *Lord Brougham.*

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## EFFECT OF FRENCH REVOLUTION ON IRELAND.

—The ill-success of the French Revolution struck a heavy blow at the power of the *United Irishmen*,\* by diminishing their own confidence in the infallibility of their principles, and by giving a sort of authority to the accusations of their enemies. *Thierry.*

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IRELAND.—Ireland has long been the battle-field of parties in the legislature, the stepping-stone of one party, the stumbling-block of another, and in the conflict of antagonising forces the power of effective action was lost. *Earl Rosse.*

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MOBS HAVE NO MEMORIES.—Mobs have no memories. They are in nearly the same state as that of an individual when he makes (what is termed) a bull. The passions, like a fused metal, fill up the wide interstices of thought, and supply the defective links: and thus incompatible assertions are harmonised by the sensation, without the sense, of connexion. The display of defects without the accompanying advantages, or *vice versâ*. Concealment of

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\* In 1793 Anglicans, Calvinists, and Papists, all became republican in language and in principles.

the general and ultimate result behind the scenery of local and particular consequences. Statement of positions that are true only under particular conditions, to men whose ignorance or fury make them forget that these conditions are not present, or lead them to take for granted that they are. Chains of questions, especially of such questions as the persons best authorised to propose are ever the slowest in proposing; and objections, intelligible of themselves, the answers to which require the comprehension of a system. Vague and commonplace satire, stale as the wine in which flies were drowned last summer, seasoned by the sly tale and important anecdote of yesterday, that came within the speaker's own knowledge! Transitions from the audacious charge, not seldom of as signal impudence "as anything was ever carted for," to the lie pregnant and interpretative; the former to prove the orator's courage, and that he is neither to be bought nor frightened; the latter to flatter the sagacity of his audience. Jerks of style, from the lunatic trope to the buffoonery and "red-lattice phrases" of the *canaglia*, the one in ostentation of superior rank and acquirements (for where envy does not interfere, man loves to look up); the other in pledge of heartiness and good fellowship. Lastly, and throughout all, to leave a general im-



pression of something striking, something that is to come of it, and to rely on the indolence of men's understandings and the activity of their passions for their resting in this state, as the brood-warmth fittest to hatch whatever serpent's egg opportunity may enable the deceiver to place under it. Let but mysterious expressions be aided by significant looks and tones, and you may cajole a hot and ignorant audience to believe anything by saying nothing, and finally to act on the lie which they themselves have been drawn in to make. This is the *pharmacopœia* of political empirics, here and everywhere, now and at all times. These are the drugs administered, and the tricks played off, by the mountebanks and zanies of patriotism; drugs that will continue to poison as long as irreligion secures a predisposition to their influence; and artifices that, like stratagems in war, are never the less successful for having succeeded a hundred times before. *They bend their tongues as a bow; they shoot out deceit as arrows; they are prophets of the deceit of their own hearts; they cause the people to err by their dreams and their lightness; they make the people vain, they feed them with wormwood, they give them the water of gall for drink; and the people love to have it so. And what is the end thereof?*

S. T. Coleridge.

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DEMOCRACY INSATIABLE.—Democratic institutions awaken and foster a passion for equality they can never entirely satisfy. This complete equality eludes the grasp of the people at the very moment when it thinks to hold it fast, and “flies,” as Pascal says, “with eternal flight;” the people is excited in the pursuit of an advantage which is the more precious because it is not sufficiently remote to be unknown, or sufficiently near to be enjoyed. The lower orders are agitated by the chance of success; they are irritated by its uncertainty; and they pass from the enthusiasm of pursuit to the exhaustion of ill-success, and lastly to the acrimony of disappointment. Whatever transcends their own limits appears to be an obstacle to their desires, and there is no kind of superiority, however legitimate it may be, which is not irksome in their sight.

*De Tocqueville.*

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CIVIL LIBERTY.—A love of civil liberty is an ennobling principle, and one of the highest attributes of the human character, when it is really founded on a sympathy with the feelings of those below us, and on a generous indignation at the

selfishness of the oppressor; but when it is itself only selfishness, when it is mere personal pride, when it is mere impatience of restraint, it is but the virtue of the savage, who, the moment he is interfered with, tomahawks the offender. *Professor Smyth.*

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#### OPERATION OF CHRISTIANITY ON GOVERNMENT.

—Its operation has not been direct, precipitate, or violent. It has invaded no existing right or relations—it has disturbed no established modes of government or law. It has rendered and recommended obedience to temporal power, even where that power was exercised by no light hand, and administered through no mild or uncorrupted institutions. *Canning.*

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CAPACITY OF A NATION FOR LIBERTY.—The *capacity* of a nation for liberty, and this capacity in all ages and nations I consider to be directly measured by the extent to which moral and intellectual culture are diffused among all ranks and conditions of men. And why? Because these—which in their ultimate meaning reduce themselves

to *benevolence* and *wisdom*—acquired, as far as they can be acquired, by a free access to the best sources of instruction—these, I say, are the only principles of self-government which *can* replace effectually, by their intimate presence in the bosom of each individual, a lightened coercion of the governing power from without; and the only ones which can afford any rational assurance that a system of legislation, founded openly and avowedly on public opinion, shall turn out a prudent, or even a safe one. Indeed, I might go farther, and assume it as a principle, which, were it necessary, could be supported by many instances ancient and modern, that the capacity for liberty, thus defined and measured, must for ever, and of necessity, as human society is constituted, *command*, sooner or later, that degree of freedom which is commensurate with it—that *more*, attempted to be prematurely forced upon it, is sure to degenerate into license, and call back the chain; while *less* cannot possibly be permanently withheld by any combination of the governing powers.

*Sir John Herschel.*

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CONSTITUTIONAL FREEDOM.—The freedom of a constitution becomes torpid when it wants to uphold

a particular state of affairs, and not the causes out of which it arises ; when it chokes the new things which are beginning by the side of the existing ones, and striving to develop themselves. If life actually turns to them, and retires from what capriciousness alone is bent on preserving, the latter remains as a hollow and dead form : such efforts to uphold it deceive perhaps, because a living evil does not find the place vacant to occupy ; but the living beauty, which is also excluded from it, does not appear with its claims, for it cannot come to light. There is also heavy responsibility incurred and preparation made for bitter days for future generations, if, though regeneration and development may not be prevented, that which springs up is not so regulated that it may become amalgamated and combined with that which exists ; if the rights of that which comes into existence and that which exists are not balanced ; if classes have outgrown their minority, but no place is prepared for them to occupy without pressing upon others. If this carelessness exists, of several possible evils one happens unavoidably. Either the old power awakes, which feels itself endangered, and overpowers and chokes the new life ; or the latter overwhelms and suppresses that which is growing old ; or all grows up in a luxurious and chaotic mass, the spirit of free-



dom is gone, and the whole nation has become impotent.

The selfish rejection of just demands seldom assists him who is hostile to them; but they change their nature, just as healthy juices become poisonous by being repressed. Every free constitution goes, like ourselves, through life towards death: whatever moderates its consuming rapidity, whatever produces obstacles which require time to overcome, prolongs its existence.

*Niebuhr.*

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Too much fortune or too much misery drives both men and nations to immorality; it is only in the extremes of heat and cold that the pond-fishes hide themselves in the mud.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

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LANDED PROPERTY. — Moveable property, or capital, may procure a man all the advantages of wealth; but property in land gives him much more than this. It gives him a place in the domain of the world—it unites his life to the life which animates creation. Money is an instrument by which man can procure the satisfaction of his wants and his desires.



Landed property is the establishment of man as sovereign in the midst of nature. It satisfies not only his wants and his desires, but tastes deeply implanted in his nature. For his family, it creates that domestic country called home, with all the living sympathies and all the future hopes and projects which people it. And whilst property in land is more consonant than any other to the nature of man, it also affords a field of activity the most favourable to his moral development, the most suited to inspire a just sentiment of his nature and his powers. In almost all the other trades or professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely on himself—on his talents, address, prudence, and vigilance. In agricultural life, man is constantly in the presence of God, and of his power. Activity, talents, prudence, and vigilance, are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labours; but they are evidently no less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or the failure of the labours of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. Nor is it only a sentiment of humility as to his power over his own

destiny which is thus inculcated upon man ; he learns also tranquillity and patience. He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious inventions or the most restless activity will ensure his success ; when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and the fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation. The more profoundly we examine the situation in which man is placed by the possession and cultivation of the soil, the more do we discover how rich it is in salutary lessons to his reason, and benign influences on his character. Men do not analyze these facts, but they have an instinctive sentiment of them which powerfully contributes to that peculiar respect in which they hold property in land, and to the preponderance which that kind of property enjoys over every other. This preponderance is a natural, legitimate, and salutary fact, which, especially in a great country, society at large has a strong interest in recognizing and respecting.

*Guizot.*

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HEREDITARY PROPERTY.—By the institution of personal property, society gave man the only stimulus that could urge him to labour. One thing remained

to be done to render this stimulus unceasing. This society did by the institution of hereditary property.

*Thiers.*

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ENGLISH REVOLUTION OF 1688.—In the Revolution of 1688 there was an universal combination of favouring circumstances, and some of the most important, such as the King's flight, not within prior calculation, which renders it no precedent for other times and occasions in point of expediency, whatever it may be in point of justice. Resistance to tyranny by overt rebellion incurs not only the risks of failure, but those of national impoverishment and confusion, of vindictive retaliation, and such aggressions (perhaps inevitable) on private right and liberty as render the name of revolution and its adherents odious. Those, on the other hand, who call in a powerful neighbour to protect them from domestic oppression, may too often expect to realise the horse of the fable, and endure a subjection more severe, permanent, and ignominious than what they shake off. But the revolution effected by William III. united the independent character of a national act with the regularity and the coercion of anarchy which belong to a military invasion. The United Provinces were not

such a foreign potentate as could put in jeopardy the independence of England; nor could his army have maintained itself against the inclinations of the kingdom, though it was sufficient to repress any turbulence that would naturally attend so extraordinary a crisis. Nothing was done by the multitude; no new men, either soldiers or demagogues, had their talents brought forward by this rapid and pacific revolution; it cost no blood, it violated no right, it was hardly to be traced in the course of justice; the formal and exterior character of the monarchy remained nearly the same in so complete a regeneration of its spirit. Few nations can hope to ascend up to the sphere of a just and honourable liberty, especially when long use has made the track of obedience familiar, and they have learned to move as it were only by the clank of the chain, with so little toil and hardship. We reason too exclusively from this peculiar instance of 1688, when we hail the fearful struggles of other revolutions with a sanguine and confident sympathy. Nor is the only error upon this side. For, as if the inveterate and cankerous ills of a commonwealth could be extirpated with no loss and suffering, we are often prone to abandon the popular cause in agitated nations with as much fickleness as we embraced it, when we find that intemperance, irregularity, and confusion, from



which great revolutions are very seldom exempt. These are indeed so much their usual attendants, the reaction of a self-deceived multitude is so probable a consequence, the general prospect of success in most cases so precarious, that wise and good men are more likely to hesitate too long than to rush forward too eagerly.

*H. Hallam.*

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PRESENT STATE OF CHRISTIAN NATIONS.—The Christian nations of our age seem to me to present a most alarming spectacle; the impulse\* which is bearing them along is so strong that it cannot be stopped, but it is not yet so rapid that it cannot be guided; their fate is in their hands; yet a little while and it may be so no longer.

*De Tocqueville.*

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UNITY OF NATIONS.—We are living at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end to which indeed all history points, the *realization of the unity of mankind!* Not a unity which breaks down and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth,

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\* Democracy.



but rather a unity, the *result and product* of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities.

*Prince Albert.*

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DESIRE OF NATIONS.—The races of Europe are sighing for the Gospel and its peace, but also for its light and its liberty.

*Bunsen.*

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### CHAPTER III.

THE JEWS.—A people, transported from their native country, if scattered in small numbers, gradually melt away, and are absorbed in the surrounding tribes: if settled in larger masses, remote from each other, they grow up into distinct commonwealths; but in a generation or two the principle of separation, which is perpetually at work, effectually obliterates all community of interest or feeling. If a traditionary remembrance of their common origin survives, it is accompanied by none of the attachment of kindred; there is no family pride or affection; there is no *blood* between the scattered descendants of common ancestors. For

time gradually loosens all other ties: habits of life change; laws are modified by the circumstances of the state and people; religion, at least in all polytheistic nations, is not exempt from the influence of the great innovator. The separate communities have outgrown the common objects of national pride; the memorable events of their history during the time that they dwelt together; their common traditions, the fame of their heroes, the songs of their poets, are superseded by more recent names and occurrences; each has his new stock of reminiscences, in which their former kindred cannot participate. Even their languages have diverged from each other. They are not of one speech; they have either entirely or partially ceased to be mutually intelligible. If, in short, they meet again, there is a remote family likeness, but they are strangers in all that connects man with man, or tribe with tribe.

One nation alone seems entirely exempt from this universal law. During the Babylonian captivity, as in the longer dispersions under which they have been for ages afflicted, the Jews still remained a separate people. However widely divided from their native country, they were still Jews; however remote from each other, they were still brethren. What then were the bonds by which Divine Providence

held together this single people? What were the principles of their inextinguishable nationality? Their law and their religion. *Milman.*

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PALESTINE.—No other country had a similar position. No other lay like it in the immediate neighbourhood of the six most illustrious cultivated nations of the ancient world, the Babylonians, Assyrians, Medes, Persians, Phœnicians, and Egyptians; and yet in their very midst, divided from them by Nature herself, in order to secure to this country its own complete opposition, its own altogether peculiar culture, its monotheism, its grand spiritual independence. No other lay thus in the closest proximity to each of the three continents in their points of contact, and to the five arms of the sea, reaching far inland; thus early showing the paths prepared for the fulness of time, when the Gospel should be ready to be despatched from this common centre, in every direction, to the ends of the world. This union of the greatest contrasts in geographical position is peculiarly characteristic of that celebrated country.

*Carl Ritter.*

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DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.—I have already told you that in my opinion the destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now left for an epic poem of the highest kind. Yet, with all its great capabilities, it has this one grand defect—that whereas a poem, to be an epic, must have a personal interest, in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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“WE ARE YET HERE.”—For two thousand years we have been pursued and persecuted, and we are yet here; assemblages of men have formed communities, built cities, established governments, rose, prospered, decayed, and fell, and yet *we* are here. Rome conquered Greece, and she was no longer Greece. Rome, in turn, became conquered, and there are but few traces now of the once mistress of the world; yet we are still here, like the fabled phoenix, ever springing from its ashes, or, more beautifully typical, like the bush of Moses, which ever burns, yet never consumes.

*M. M. Noah.*

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FUTURE OF THE JEWS.—The restoration of the Jews will be the fulfilment of a clear prophecy, and form a proud and animating period in the history of our religion. *Chalmers.*

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JEWISH FEATURES IMPERISHABLE.—If a man like Newton or Locke were to cast his eye upon a Jewish face, and immediately after read the following passage in a book written some thousands of years ago (Isaiah lxi. 9), "*And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall recognise them, for they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed,*" it is impossible to say, or even to conjecture, what his reflections would be on such an occasion; but it is possible to say what they would *not* be: certainly they would *not* approximate to anything ridiculous; they would *not* have the remotest connexion with anything contemptuous, nor would they in the least verge on anything satirical. If, on the contrary, a Trollope, of American renown, were to cast her eye upon a Jewish face, what would her reflections be? She shall speak for herself:—"One reason why I do not always, and altogether, like some of the



largest and most splendid parties of the moneyed aristocracy is, that I am so very sure to find myself unexpectedly, at some moment or other, entirely surrounded by a black-eyed, high-nosed group of . . . unmistakeable Jews." I know and I reverence that improved principle of religion which teaches us to condemn no man's faith with any presumptuous feeling of personal superiority derived from our own; yet I have still enough of the old-time leaven about me to doubt if a strong affection for the society of the Children of Israel be a duty positively imperative upon Christianity." *Jewish Chronicle.*

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THE JEW IN JERUSALEM.—"Wherever we have a Jew on the surface of the earth, there we have a man whose testimony and whose conduct connect the Present with the Beginning of all time."\* In whatever point of view this chosen race is considered, it is by far the most remarkable of all those that inhabit earth. Their *completeness* and wonderful individuality; their unequalled persecutions; their undying hope, and their proud confidence that they shall be yet a great people—all these are characteristics peculiar to themselves.

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\* Bishop Watson.

The place where the Ten Tribes have lain concealed for 2500 years is still a mere matter of conjecture. Now we hear of them along the shores of the Caspian Sea ; then among the American Indians ; now among the warriors of Cochin, and the fierce tribes of Affghanistan.

Wherever the lost tribes may dwell, or whenever they may return to Jerusalem, they are to be preceded by the tribes of Judah.\* And surely when their summons is heard and answered by this widely scattered people, it will resemble that great and varied picture of the Resurrection : with turbaned brow and floating robe—with lofty cap and Arctic furs—with forehead pale as the Siberian snows or dark as the Egyptian soil from whence they come.

The Jew should be seen at Jerusalem—still the native city of his race. There, if the missionary or the political economist can make little of him, he is, nevertheless, a striking specimen of man. In the dark-robed form that lingers thoughtfully among the tombs in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or bends with black turban to the ground at the “Place of Wailing,” you seem to behold a Destiny incarnate. That fierce dark eye and noble brow ; that medallic

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\* Zechariah, xii. 7.

profile that has been transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations and a thousand climates; these are Nature's own illustrations, and vindicate old history.

*Eliot Warburton.*

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FUTURE CONFLICTS.—The power which now controls *Archenaz*, *Refuth*, and *Togarmah* of the Scriptures, that is to say, the Germans, Slavonians, Sarmatians, and Turks of our day, is *Russia*; the descendants of the joint colony of Meshech and Tubal, and the little horn of Daniel. Russia in its attempts to wrest India from England, and Turkey from the Ottomites, will make the Holy Land the theatre of a terrible conflict.

*M. M. Noah.*

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MODERN JERUSALEM.—Often have I wandered among the desolate enclosures of Jerusalem by the moon's mournful light, that seemed to harmonise with the ruins around: the streets were silent as the grave; the night wind, like a wailing spirit, alone wandered through the forsaken shrines, or sighed among the cypress and the palm-trees that towered against the dark blue sky; but sometimes the howl

of the wild dog struck upon the ear; and more than once I was startled by the voice of a poor Scotch maniac exclaiming in passionate accents, "Woe! woe! woe to Zion!"

*Eliot Warburton.*

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"STILL THERE IS HOPE."—"Happy, I say to you, happy will be the hour for Israel,—for mankind, for creation,—when he shall take into his hands the records of his fathers, and in tears, ask, What is that greater crime than rebellion? than blasphemy? than impurity? than idolatry? which, not seventy years, nor a thousand years, of sorrow have seen forgiven; which has prolonged his woe into the old age of the world—which threatens him with a chain, not to be broken but by the thunder-stroke that breaks up the universe!"

"And still," said I, trembling before the living oracle, "still there is hope?"

"Look to that mountain," was the answer, as he pointed to Moriah. . . . Upon that mountain shall yet be enthroned a Sovereign, before whom the sun shall hide his head, and at the lifting of whose sceptre the heaven and the heaven of heavens shall bow down! To that mountain shall man, and more than man, crowd for wisdom and happiness. From

that mountain shall light flow to the ends of the universe; and the government shall be to the Everlasting." \* *"Salathiel."*

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THE DAWNING DAY.—

Lift up your heads, ye pilgrim bands !  
Hark ! hear ye not the cry  
Which sweeps across the desert sands ?—  
His voice, who heaven and earth commands :  
Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! The Crescent wanes  
In yonder eastern sky !  
Beneath whose beam Oppression reigns—  
Beneath whose beam Pollution stains :  
Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! Euphrates' stream  
Is spent—its course is dry.  
The Prophet's vision is no dream,  
His burden is no idle theme :  
Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads, ye Eastern Kings !  
Ask ye the reason why ?  
Who bore you erst on eagle's wings,  
You to your land in triumph brings ;  
Redemption draweth nigh !

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Lift up your heads ! The nations quake  
 Who raised their horn on high :—  
 See how their ancient pillars shake,  
 While from a dream their monarchs wake :  
 Redemption draweth nigh !

Lift up your heads ! The Moslem's fane  
 No more provokes a sigh.  
 Lo ! Israel's Lion shakes his mane !  
 I see him stalk athwart the plain :  
 Redemption draweth nigh !

: : : : : :

Lift up your heads ! Lift up your voice,  
 Ye heralds, quickly fly !  
 Bid Israel's exiled tribes rejoice—  
 Israel, the people of His choice :  
 Redemption draweth nigh !

*Ben Japhet.*

## CHAPTER IV.

TYRE, VENICE, AND ENGLAND.—Since first the dominion of men was asserted over the ocean, three thrones, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands : the thrones of Tyre, Venice, and England. Of the first of these great powers only the memory remains ; of the second, the ruin ; the third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget

their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction.

The exaltation, the sin, and the punishment of Tyre have been recorded for us, in perhaps the most touching words ever uttered by the prophets of Israel against the cities of the stranger. But we read them as a lovely song; and close our ear to the sternness of their warning: for the very depth of the fall of Tyre has blinded us to its reality, and we forget, as we watch the bleaching of the rocks between the sunshine and the sea, that they were once "as in Eden, the garden of God." Her successor, like her in perfection of beauty, though less in endurance of dominion, is still left for our beholding in the final period of her decline: a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the city and which the shadow.

*Ruskin.*

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OLD ENGLAND.—If Old England perish, as Old France perished in the first Revolution, let no man hope to see, even at an equal cost of immediate crime and misery, a New England spring up in its

room, such as New France now is. If Old England perish, there perishes, not a mere accursed thing, such as was the system of Old France, which had died inwardly to all good long before the axe was laid to its root,—but there perishes the most active and noble life which the world has ever yet seen,—which is made up wholesomely of past and present, so that the centuries of English history are truly “bound each to each by natural piety.” Now to destroy so great a life must be an utterly unblessed thing, from which there can come only evil. And would England, with her dense manufacturing and labouring population, with her narrow limits, and her intense activity, ever be brought to a state like that of agricultural France with her peasant proprietors? No tongue or thought of man could imagine the evil of a destruction of our present system in England; wherefore may God give us his spirit of wisdom, and power, and goodness, to mould it into a happy accordance with the future as well as the past; to teach the life that is in it to communicate itself to the dead elements around it; for unless they are taken into the living body and partake of its life, they will inevitably make it partake of their death.

*Dr. Arnold.*

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STUDY FOR ENGLISHMEN.—We should strive to know thoroughly our country, and all that is hers ; not for the gratification of idle vanity, but in order that by thus contemplating England's greatness, we may imbue ourselves with a spirit like that of the men who have aided in the fabric of that greatness. Our study and our love of her must be proved in active exertions to do our duty to her. Each of us in his sphere has a duty to his country to discharge by warring vigorously on the masses of social and moral evil that fester among us, as well as by showing zeal and integrity in all political functions which devolve on him, or to which he may justly aspire. Each of us also should realize in his principles the great truths, that the individual cannot long prosper unless the state prospers ; that for England to be long prosperous she must have independence ; and that for England to be long independent she must have honour and power. Each of us must realise these truths in practice as well as principle, by cheerfully bearing every personal sacrifice which may be necessary for the timely maintenance of English honour and power among nations. *Creasy.*

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## STABILITY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.—

The stability of the English constitution depends upon its monarchy and aristocracy; and their stability again depends very much on the circumstance of their having grown naturally out of the frame and inward structure of our society—upon their having struck their roots deep through every stratum of the political soil, and having been moulded and impressed, during a long course of ages, by the usages, institutions, habits, and affections of the community. A popular revolution would overthrow the monarchy and the aristocracy; and even if it were not true that revolution propagates revolution, as waves give rise to waves, till the agitation is stopped by the iron boundary of despotism, it would still require ages of anxious discomfort before we could build up again that magnificent fabric, which now requires purification rather than repair; or secure that permanency to our new establishments without which they could have no other good quality.

*Lord Jeffrey.*

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LANDED INTEREST.—The landed interest is the great foundation upon which rests the fabric of society and the institutions of the country. I mean



no disparagement to manufactures and commerce; I know how essential they are to the happiness and prosperity of the country, and how much they add even to the value of the land. But the land of the country is the country itself, and the owner of the land has the deepest and most permanent interest in its well being; tied down to the soil, he must share the fortunes of his country, whether in its greatness or its fall.

*Lord Palmerston.*

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DUTY.—There are many able and patriotic members in the House of Commons—Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and some others. But I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom—I know not in which the failure is—to take their stand upon duty, and to appeal to all men as men: to the Good and the True, which exists for *all*, and of which *all* have an apprehension. They always set to work—especially, his great eminence considered, Sir Robert Peel—by addressing themselves to individual interests; the measure will be injurious to the linendrapers, or to the bricklayers; or this clause will bear hard on bobbin-net or poplins; and so forth. Whereas their adversaries—the demagogues—always work on the opposite principle: they

always appeal to men as men; and, as you know, the most terrible convulsions in society have been wrought by such phrases as *Rights of Man*, *Sovereignty of the People*, which no one understands, which apply to no one in particular, but to all in general. . . .

Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome everything; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of this generation.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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THE MAJORITY.—Judging from the conduct and reasonings of too many among us, we should say, that the French Revolution had rolled over us, with all its thunders, in vain; and that we were as thoughtless, presumptuous, and ignorant, of our real nature now, as we were at the first breaking out of the French Revolution in 1789: as thoughtless, presumptuous, and ignorant as we were before the great political and moral prophet had, in his ‘Reflections on the French Revolution,’ warned us, and warned us early, of the rashness of our admiration; and shown distinctly that he, of all others, best under-

stood the fatal nature of the principles of that Revolution, and the miseries it was preparing for a giddy world. We adopt (speaking of too many among us at least)—we adopt its principles ; we are candidates for its miseries. We fall down before the revolutionary idol, the Moloch of these unhappy times—the sovereign people. . . . We have learned the art, it seems, of self-government ; not, indeed, the moral art of governing ourselves, the inestimable art of self-control,—very little of this nature, it must be confessed ; but the republican art of self-government, as it is called ; that is, the art of governing by a majority, the mere majority, no matter how constituted or numbered ; the art of resolving a kingdom into parishes, and governing by its vestries.

*Professor Smyth.*

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GOVERNMENT.—In free countries (and since constitutional modes of government are spreading, more countries will come under the denomination of free), a large body of the people will be required to act in a spirit of piety, not only in regard to their duties as subjects, but as governors ; for with them rests the choice of representatives. It becomes incumbent upon them to seek out wise and good men to repre-

sent them, always remembering that the wisest and best will have to be sought for, and that they will be the least likely to fall in at once with all the prejudices of their constituents. *Arthur Helps.*

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RULE OF THE MASSES.—The fact is, that not only have the masses no right to rule in virtue of their numbers; not only has the majority no “right divine to govern wrong;” not only does no abstract rule of morality require that ninety-nine incapables should overrule one man of genius—but there is a distinct and evident law to the contrary. The law of Nature is aristocratic; it bestows power at first on the strongest, afterwards on the wisest. The natural order of society unmistakeably is “that those who think should govern those who toil,” that those who are intellectually capable of ruling well should rule, so long as they shew themselves earnestly desirous to rule honestly and justly. Of all artificial systems of social life, especially under a high civilisation, Democracy is the most absolutely artificial; it can only be established by the forcible overthrow of the natural powers and influences which oppose it, and can only be maintained in existence by artificial barriers against these natural antagonists.



Another favourite maxim of the same school, far less mischievous but almost equally untenable, is that familiar to the copybooks of our youth, "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny :"—a saying so often repeated that we forget to study its meaning or doubt its authority. What is taxation? the payment of money for definite and invaluable services rendered by government for the protection of life, property, and liberty. Why does the payment of a price for these absolute necessities entitle the payer, *ipso facto*, to determine in what manner they shall be provided? It would be difficult to say. This sentence, so much misused at present, was practically true when spoken, and in the case to which it applied. Taxation of one community by the representatives of another is pretty sure to degenerate into tyranny, because the taxers are in no sense amenable to the opinion of the taxed. But where a government chosen by one-fourth of the community has to legislate for the whole nation among which it lives, there is little fear of tyranny at all, and least of all in the way of taxation. We might have much reason to fear, indeed, if the Democratic theory were carried out; for then the rich and educated would be virtually disfranchised, the poor and ignorant would adjust the public burdens; and we might then indeed



understand what tyranny there may be in the taxation of the few by the representatives of the many. Rely upon it, the rich will always be more just to the poor than the poor to the rich. This is the best and most complete answer that can be given to the question lately propounded: "Why should not poverty rule property, rather than property rule poverty?" Principally because, especially in England, poverty is pretty sure of fair play from property; property is almost certain of injustice from poverty. This is natural and necessary. Generosity forbids the one powerful man to bear hardly on the many helpless; the latter, if they gain the upper hand, have no such feeling to uphold them. Public opinion cries shame on the rigorous master far more loudly than on the exacting and unfaithful servant. Again, it is far more easy for the rich to sympathise with the trials of the poor, than for the latter to appreciate the rights and the position of their wealthier neighbours. The man of education may understand and feel for the man of toil; the man of toil may reverence or may hate, but cannot comprehend, the man of education. Knowledge of the great and increasing thoughtfulness, justice, benevolence, and conscientiousness of our race makes impartial men feel certain that poverty will be kindly and fairly dealt

by under the reign of property; no one feels any security that the rights of property would be as carefully regarded if poverty should assume the sway.

. . . If this pecuniary basis of suffrage be adopted, it must be carried out on the principle universally and necessarily in force in pecuniary concerns. In a commercial undertaking, if the investment of 10*l.* gives one vote, the investment of 10,000*l.* entitles to a thousand. This is the principle of our parochial rating franchise, though carried out only within narrow limits. Is it not manifestly absurd that fifty men who pay 5*l.* among them, should be allowed to levy a tax against the will of five of their neighbours who pay 50*l.*? If we are to have a franchise co-extensive with taxation, let it be proportionate to taxation; then, property can have nothing to fear from it; intelligence not much; but democracy everything.

*Anon.*

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NEW TEACHERS.—New forms of infidelity and new fashions of immorality are continually starting up amongst us. The diffusion of knowledge (good and excellent, and conservative as true knowledge is) has brought up the rankest weeds of quackery and empiricism. None are willing to be learners;

all are striving to be teachers ; and every man seems ready with some physical and social nostrum. In the study of worldly gain we may follow, and follow wisely the promptings of our inner nature ; and a worldly man may be the best practical judge of the means of his worldly interests. But in teaching the lessons of moral duty and religious truth, we have to teach a man to keep down the first promptings of his inner nature, and to subdue himself ; and if in this struggle he be left only to the promptings of nature, unrestrained by the strong arm of law and untamed by the persuasions of religion, we give him over as a slave to the very soul and spirit of evil. . . . Parliament is reformed, and so far may be well. But men are now found in it, who have strength of purpose and great worldly shrewdness, and who deal out the maxims of commercial wisdom, and talk loudly of national wealth ; while they forget that the noblest portion of a nation's capital is invested in its honour, its morality, and its religion.

*Professor Sedgwick.*

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PASSERS OF THE REFORM BILL.—Let it ever be remembered that the working classes considered themselves deceived, cajoled, by the passers of the

Reform Bill; that they cherished—whether rightly or wrongly it is now too late to ask—a deep-rooted grudge against those who had, as they thought, made their hopes and passions a stepping-stone towards their own selfish ends. They were told to support the Reform Bill, not on account of its intrinsic righteousness,—which God forbid I should deny—but because it was the first of a glorious line of steps towards their enfranchisement; and now the very men who told them this talked peremptorily of “finality,” showed themselves the most dogged and careless of Conservatives, and pooh-poohed away every attempt at further enlargement of the suffrage. They were told to support it as the remedy for their own social miseries; and behold, those miseries were year by year becoming deeper, more wide-spread, more hopeless; their entreaties for help and mercy, in 1842, and at other times, had been lazily laid by unanswered; and almost the only practical efforts for deliverance had been made by a Tory nobleman, the honoured and beloved Lord Ashley. They found that they had, in helping to pass the Reform Bill, only helped to give power to the two very classes who crushed them—the great labour-kings and the small shopkeepers; that they had blindly armed their oppressors with the additional weapon of an



ever-increasing political majority. They had been told, too (let that never be forgotten), that in order to carry the Reform Bill, sedition itself was lawful; they had seen the master manufacturers themselves give the signal for plug riots by stopping their mills. Their vanity, ferocity, sense of latent and fettered power, pride of numbers, and physical strength, had been flattered and pampered by those who now talked only of grapeshot and bayonets. *Kingsley.*

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REFORM BILL, 1831-1832.—I cannot look at this measure without the most serious apprehensions, that from the period of its adoption we shall date the downfall of the Constitution. . . . Things may go on under such a system, but this will not be the British Constitution. It will not be the same England which has been for so many centuries prosperous and glorious under our present Constitution.

*Duke of Wellington.*

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FOR CHARTISTS.—Oh! look back, look back at the history of English radicalism for the last half-century; judge by your own deeds, your own words;



were you fit for those privileges which you so frantically demanded? Do not answer me, that those who had them were equally unfit; but thank God, if the case be indeed so, that your incapacity was not added to theirs, to make confusion worse confounded!

*Kingsley.*

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REVERENCE FOR SUPERIORS.—The reverence for superiors is a natural feeling; we see it in the willing submission with which, in all ages and countries, superiors have been treated by their inferiors; and in the cordial submission rendered to laws. Man has, among his natural feelings, a reverence for something better, wiser, more stable, more permanent than himself. He readily believes in the existence of something of this nature, and has in his mind a ready sentiment of deferential regard for it; and this feeling is fostered by the general sympathy of men. The common moral judgment of mankind appears in the commendation bestowed on such dispositions. Disloyalty to the sovereign, disobedience to authority, sedition, treason, rebellion, are in themselves looked upon with feelings of dislike and indignation. If a person does not participate in these feelings, he is not likely to possess benevolent affections at all. If he

have no sympathy with these emotions, his affections cannot be conformable to that supreme law in which all men, as men, sympathise. If goodness and justice, joined with superiority of condition, are not regarded by a man with reverence, he has not that feeling towards goodness and justice by which virtuous men are bound together. A participation in this feeling belongs to a good man; and this feeling is requisite to invest with a moral significance the obligation of obedience to the governing authorities of the State; for such obedience must be a duty as well as an obligation, in order that it may have a moral character. But if obedience be a duty, reverence, the obedience of the heart, which is the internal spring of external obedience, must also be a duty; and this reverence being a part of the natural feelings of a good man, and a necessary condition of the duties of obedience, is itself a duty. If it be said that in the actual constitution of the world, it may happen that superiority of social condition is not joined with goodness and justice, and that thus this affection has no proper place, we reply that, however this may be the case in particular instances, human government is requisite as a general condition of morality, and especially as a condition of justice and order. The governors of society are therefore, so far as this condition requires,

the representatives of justice and order; and reverence to them, under this aspect, is still a general duty. A reverence for superiors and governors, as the representatives and cardinal points of justice and order, is requisite to give a moral significance to the structure of human society. Reverence in inferiors, and benevolence in superiors, are ties of affection which alone can bind together a community in which there are superiors and inferiors, so as to give them moral relations; and in every community, those who are, by its constitution and nature, the depositaries and sources of law and government, must be looked upon as superiors, and are, in that capacity, proper objects of reverence.

*Whewell.*

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THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.—It is still a question, however, whether the good or the evil of the system predominated; and the answer to such question is the more difficult because we have no criterion by which, in these matters, degrees of good and evil admit of being measured. Arising out of the character of the nation, it reflected this character in all its peculiarities; and there is something truly noble in the coherence of society on principles of fidelity. Fidelity of man to man is among the rarest excel-

lences of humanity, and we can tolerate large evils which arise out of such a cause. Men were then held together by oaths, free acknowledgments, and reciprocal obligations, entered into by all ranks, high and low, binding servants to their masters, as well as nobles to their kings; and in the beautiful roll of the old system in which the oaths were sworn, we cannot choose but see that we have lost something in exchanging these ties for the harsher connecting links of mutual self-interest. "When a freeman shall do fealty to his lord," the statute says, "he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and shall say thus:— 'Hear you, my lord, that I shall be to you both faithful and true, and shall owe my faith to you for the land that I hold, and lawfully shall do such customs and services as my duty is to you, at the times assigned. So help me God and all his saints.'" And the fealty even of the villain was treated rather as a free promise to be given than a thing to be compelled, and the dignity of the man was preserved even while acknowledging the obligations of his service. "The villain," also, "when he shall do fealty to his lord, shall hold his right hand over the book, and shall say:— 'Hear you, my lord, that I from this day forth unto you shall be true and faithful, and shall owe you fealty for the land which I hold of you in



villanage ; and that no evil or damage will I see concerning you, but I will defend and warn you to my power. So help me God and all his saints.' ”

*Froude.*

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LOYALTY.—There is a whisper rising in this country that loyalty is not a phrase, faith not a delusion, and popular liberty something more diffusive and substantial than the profane exercise of the sacred rights of sovereignty by political classes.

*B. Disraeli.*

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RANK AND FORTUNE IN ENGLAND.—She wears her greatness well. Her rich men make an admirable use of the wealth God has intrusted to them. It is not in hundreds or by thousands of francs, but in sums of twenty-five or fifty thousand, that money is given in England for benevolent or evangelical purposes. And, moreover, the men in Britain, who owe all their fortune to themselves, have not those upstart manners so often met with on the Continent. They are both great and simple. They practise an amiable hospitality, the charm of which I have often experienced. I have visited



country-seats, adorned with all the graces of architecture, containing spacious and imposing apartments, and built in the most delightful situations, a flag flying from their highest towers; and the next day, being in the neighbouring town, I have entered the warehouse of the owner, which he could survey with pride as the source of all his greatness, and found him unostentatiously exhibiting his goods to us, and cordially pressing us to accept some remembrance. . . .

When we behold elsewhere the frightful tyranny which Radicalism sets up, we can understand the mischief it would do in England, if ever it were triumphant; and we are inclined to regard the aristocracy, which there exercises such strength, as one of the necessary guarantees for freedom. I was present eight or nine years ago in the Hanover-Square Rooms, at crowded meetings, among which were the flower of the English aristocracy, the leaders of the Tory party; and where, on sofas placed at the foot of the platform, were seated princes of the royal family, ministers of state, and bishops. The speaker who electrified these large meetings was Chalmers, that prince of British orators. Sometimes energetic words in favour of political liberty, and of the independence of the Church, fell from his burning lips; for he was then bearing wit-

ness in London, in the Queen's Concert-Room, to the same truths which, five years after, he maintained in the rustic hall of the Canon Mills at Edinburgh. He alluded to the saying, famous in England, that every man's house is his castle; he repeated those well-known words, that no one has a right to enter it: "The king cannot—the king dare not." And then, returning suddenly to the Church, he declared that the political power could not meddle with her doctrine and her spiritual administration; and thus, taking his stand as it were at the door of the Church, he hurled forth these words, which resounded like thunder through the assembly: "The king cannot—the king dare not."

When Chalmers had thus spoken in the honour of true liberty before this English aristocracy, think not that murmurs were heard around; no, there was unbounded applause. Loud acclamations arose from this multitude of noblemen and Tories; and when this cheering had finished, it began again, and was thus three times renewed. I then saw the fine and venerable head of the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, nodding with an expression of the most cordial acquiescence. I was confounded. "How magical," thought I, "is eloquence!" "Do you know," said I, as I went out, to a Tory friend who

accompanied me, "that if on the Continent, even in France, they were to hear this applause given, such homage rendered to liberty, they would think themselves, I am certain, in a conventicle of Carbonari." I remember St——n's smile as he somewhat proudly replied, "It is the Tories who are in England the guardians of liberty." *Merle D' Aubigné.*

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## CHAPTER V.

WISE GOVERNMENT.—All true and right government is monarchical and of the head. What is its best form is a totally different question; but unless it act *for* the people, and not representative of the people, it is no government at all; and one of the grossest blockheadisms of the English in the present day is their idea of sending men to Parliament to "represent *their* opinions:" whereas their only true business is to find out the wisest men among them, and send them to Parliament to represent their *own* opinions, and act upon them. Of all puppet-shows in the Satanic carnival of the earth, the most contemptible puppet-show is a Parliament with a mob pulling the strings. . . .

In all human institutions certain evils are granted,

as of necessity ; and, in organising such institutions, we must allow for the consequences of such evils, and make arrangements such as may best keep them in check. Now, in both the civil and ecclesiastical governments there will of necessity be a certain number of bad men. The wicked civilian has comparatively little interest in overthrowing ecclesiastical authority ; it is often a useful help to him, and presents in itself little which seems covetable. But the wicked ecclesiastical officer has much interest in overthrowing the civilian, and getting the political power into his own hands. As far as wicked men are concerned, therefore, it is better that the state should have power over the clergy, than the clergy over the state.

Secondly, supposing both the civil and ecclesiastical officer to be Christians, there is no fear that the civil officer should underrate the dignity or shorten the serviceableness of the minister ; but there is considerable danger that the religious enthusiasm of the minister might diminish the serviceableness of the civilian. (The History of Religious Enthusiasm should be written by some one who had a life to give to its investigation ; it is one of the most melancholy pages in human records, and one the most necessary to be studied.) Therefore, as far as good



men are concerned, it is better the state should have power over the clergy, than the clergy over the state.

This we might, it seems to me, conclude by unassisted reason. But surely the whole question is, without any need of human reason, decided by the history of Israel. If ever a body of clergy should have received independent authority, the Levitical priesthood should; for they were indeed a priesthood, and more holy than the rest of the nation. But Aaron is always subject to Moses. All solemn revelation is made to Moses, the civil magistrate, and he actually commands Aaron as to the fulfilment of his priestly office, and that in a necessity of life and death: "Go, and make an atonement for the people." Nor is anything more remarkable throughout the whole of the Jewish history than the perfect subjection of the priestly to the kingly authority. Thus Solomon thrusts out Abiathar from being priest (1 Kings ii. 27); and Jehoahaz administers the funds of the Lord's house (2 Kings xii. 4), though that money was actually the atonement money, the ransom for souls (Exod. xxx. 12).

We have, however, also the beautiful instance of Samuel uniting in himself the offices of priest, prophet, and judge; nor do I insist on any special



manner of subjection of clergy to civil officers, or *vice versâ*; but only on the necessity of their perfect unity and influence upon each other in every Christian kingdom. Those who endeavour to effect the utter separation of ecclesiastical and civil officers, are striving, on the one hand, to expose the clergy to the most grievous and most subtle of temptations from their own spiritual enthusiasm and spiritual pride; on the other, to deprive the civil officer of all sense of religious responsibility, and to introduce the fearful, godless, conscienceless, and soulless policy of the Radical and the (so called) Socialist. *Ruskin.*

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CHURCH IN ENGLAND.—The old toryism is falling; the Church of England principles are threatened; the form of the state is changing. It is remarkable, too, that it is not the adversaries of the ancient principles who are bringing them to the dust, but the chiefs themselves, their most illustrious supporters. *Merle D'Aubigné.*

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THE CHURCH AND DISSENT.—If that it is unjust to compel the dissentient from a national religion to contribute to its Church, we answer, that

every Jew twenty years old, whatever might be his secret opinion, or however remote his country, was commanded to pay for the support of the Temple. . .

If that a Church is Scriptural only as it is dependent on voluntary contributions, we answer, that in the Mosaic Law, except on special occasions, voluntary contributions were unknown; nothing was left to the capricious bounty of man. The property of the Church was held by the same high title as the property of the state. Spoliation was not among the resources of Divine expediency. The dignity of the Church was not to be consulted by being seen on its knees to the populace. . .

Can sectarianism be suffered to denounce those features in the Church of England as merely human, which in the Church of Judea it must allow to have been divine? Can the one be an intrigue, and the other an inspiration? Thus the Establishment refutes sectarianism on the highest of all authorities; and, whether impugned by ignorance, or assailed by faction, she addresses herself to the common piety of mankind; appears at the great tribunal of opinion with the Scriptures in her hand; rebukes her accusers by the oracles of God; and appeals from inconstancy and infidelity, from covert rivalry, and projected rapine of man, to the legislation of heaven.

In all its aspects I see the Establishment, congenial to the feelings of the people, allied with the noblest struggles of their religious history, and endeared by the earliest fellowship of their civil freedom. I see it at once teaching the lessons of the holiest truth, and leading the young nation by the hand, up to Constitution. I see Liberty, in all other nations, stained with the blood of revolution, or bending under the scourge of angry despotism. I see its statue erect in this country alone. I trace the influence of the Church in all the energies of public prosperity. I see it, the central pulse of the mighty frame,—the sleepless heart, receiving the jaded and colourless circulation from the extremities, and projecting it once more, vivid and purified, through the arteries of the empire. I see it, with all its stateliness, no huge cumbrer of the ground, no popish pile, reared by the slavery, and cemented with the blood of man; no pyramid of tyranny and superstition, filled only with darkness and dry bones; but a noble elevation, standing out from the low level of human prejudices and passions, to pour down refreshing on the soil, and reflect on man the lustres of heaven.

*Croly.*

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ENGLAND'S CHURCH.—That state which, deriving its best energies from religion, has adorned the page of history, has extended its renown and its dominion in every quarter of the globe, has harmonized with a noble form of national character supporting and supported by it, has sheltered the thickset plants of genius and learning, and has in these last days rallied by gigantic efforts the energies of Christendom against the powers and principles of national infidelity, bating no jot of heart nor hope under repeated failures, but every time renewing its determination and redoubling its exertions, until the object was triumphantly attained. For this state we may feel, and we may tremble at the very thought of the degradation she and we in her shall undergo should she in an evil hour repudiate her ancient strength, the principle of a national religion. She may cast to the winds the treasure realised for her by heroes, by patriots, by sages, and by saints; by our heroes upon the field of blood, by our patriots in public cares, by our sages in the toil of patient thought, by our saints in the longings of devout aspiration; but it will be with foul dishonour to their memories, and with bitterness and ruin joined to shame for herself.



I do not dream that the pupils of the opposite school will gain their end, and succeed in giving a permanent and secure organisation to human society upon the shattered and ill-restored foundations which human selfishness can supply. *Gladstone.*

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BOOK OF COMMON-PRAYER. — The English Liturgy gains by being compared even with those fine ancient liturgies from which it is to a great extent taken. The essential qualities of devotional eloquence, conciseness, majestic simplicity, pathetic earnestness of supplication, sobered by a profound reverence, are common between the translations and the originals. But in the subordinate graces of diction the originals must be allowed to be far inferior to the translations. And the reason is obvious. The technical phraseology of Christianity did not become a part of the Latin language till that language had passed the age of maturity and was sinking into barbarism. But the technical phraseology of Christianity was found in the Anglo-Saxon and in the Norman French long before the union of those two dialects had produced a third dialect superior to either. The Latin of the Roman Catholic services,



therefore, is Latin in the last stage of decay. The English of our services is English in all the vigour and suppleness of early youth. To the great Latin writers, to Terence and Lucretius, to Cicero and Cæsar, to Tacitus and Quintilian, the noblest compositions of Ambrose and Gregory would have seemed to be, not merely bad writing, but senseless gibberish. The diction of our Book of Common Prayer, on the other hand, has directly or indirectly contributed to form the diction of almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished nonconformists,—of such men as David Hume and Robert Hall.

*Lord Macaulay.*

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1829.—The Jewish history reveals to us the conduct of Providence with a people appointed to the express preservation of the faith of God. Their every attempt to receive the surrounding idolatries into a participation of the honours of the true worship, even every idolatrous touch, was visited with punishment; and that punishment not left to the remote working of the corruption, but immediate; and, by its directness, evidently designed to make

the nation feel the high importance of the trust, and the final ruin that must follow its betrayal. A glance at the British history since the Reformation will show with what undeniable closeness this providential system has been exemplified in England. *Every* reign which attempted to bring back Popery, or even to give it that share of power which could in any degree prejudice Protestantism, has been marked by signal calamity. It is a memorable circumstance that *every* reign of this Popish tendency has been followed by one purely Protestant; and, as if to make the source of the national peril plain to all eyes, those alternate reigns have not offered a stronger contrast in their religious principles than in their public fortunes. Let the rank of England be what it might under the Protestant sovereign, it *always* went down under the Popish. But let its loss of dignity or of power be what it might under the Popish sovereign, it *always* recovered under the Protestant, and more than recovered; was distinguished by sudden success, public renovation, and some remarkable increase of the freedom or honour of the empire. . . . *It is impossible* to conceive that this *regular interchange* of punishment and preservation can have been without a cause, and without a purpose. Through almost three hundred years,

through all varieties of public circumstance, all changes of men, all shades of general polity, we see one thing alone unchanged—the regular connection of national misfortune with the introduction of Popish influence, and of national triumph with its exclusion.

These remarks were originally published on the eve of 1829. The bill of that calamitous year replaced the Roman Catholic in the Parliament, from which he had been expelled a century before by the united necessities of religion, freedom, and national safety. The whole experience of our Protestant history had pronounced that evil must follow. *And it has followed.* From that hour all has been clouded. British legislation has lost its stability. England has lost alike her pre-eminence abroad and her confidence at home. Every great institution of the state has tottered. Her governments have arisen, and passed away like shadows. The Church in Ireland, bound hand and foot, has been flung into the furnace, and is disappearing from the eye. The Church in England is haughtily threatened with her share of the fiery trial. Every remonstrance of the nation is insolently answered by pointing to rebellion ready to seize its arms in Ireland. Democracy is openly proclaimed as a principle of the state. Popery

is triumphantly predicted as the universal religion. To guide and embody all, a new shape of power has started up in the legislature;—a new element at once of control and confusion; a central faction, which has both sides at its mercy; holding the country in contempt, while it fixes its heel on cabinets trembling for existence; possessing all the influence of office without its responsibility; and engrossing unlimited patronage for the purposes of unlimited domination. If England, free above all other nations, sustained amidst the trials which have covered Europe before her eyes with burning and slaughter, and enlightened by the fullest knowledge of Divine truth, shall refuse fidelity to the compact by which those matchless privileges have been given, her condemnation will not linger. She has already made one step full of danger. She has committed the capital error of mistaking that for a purely political question which was a purely religious one. Her foot already hangs over the edge of the precipice. It must be retracted, or her empire is but a name. In the clouds and darkness which seem deepening upon all human policy; in the gathering tumults of Europe, and the feverish discontents at home, it may even be difficult to discern where the power yet lives to erect the fallen majesty of the



constitution once more. But there are mighty means in sincerity. And, if no miracle was ever wrought for the faithless and despairing, the country that will help itself—the generous, the high-hearted, and the pure—will never be left destitute of the help of heaven.

*Croly.*

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INFLUENCE OF POPERY.—From the time when the barbarians overran the Western Empire to the time of the revival of letters, the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favourable to science, to civilisation, and to government. But during the last three centuries, to stunt the growth of the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advance has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has everywhere been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have, under her rule, been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor: while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast of a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers, and poets. Whoever,

knowing what Italy and Scotland naturally are, and what, four hundred years ago, they actually were, shall now compare the country round Rome with the country round Edinburgh, will be able to form some judgment as to the tendency of Papal dominion. The descent of Spain, once the first among monarchies, to the lowest depths of degradation ; the elevation of Holland, in spite of many natural disadvantages, to a position such as no commonwealth so small has ever reached, teach the same lesson. Whoever passes in Germany from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant principality ; in Switzerland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant Canton ; in Ireland from a Roman Catholic to a Protestant county, finds that he has passed from a lower to a higher grade of civilisation. On the other side of the Atlantic the same law prevails. The Protestants of the United States have left far behind them the Roman Catholics of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil. The Roman Catholics of Lower Canada remain inert, while the whole continent round them is in a ferment with Protestant activity and enterprise. The French have doubtless shown an energy and an intelligence which, even when misdirected, have justly entitled them to be called a great people. But this apparent exception, when examined, will be found to confirm the rule ;

for in no country that is called Roman Catholic has the Roman Catholic Church, during several generations, possessed so little authority as in France.

*Lord Macaulay.*

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LONG-FAVOURED ENGLAND.—

Long-favoured England! be not thou misled  
By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,  
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red  
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed  
Fail to wash out,—tears flowing ere thy troth  
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,  
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled  
Into a shameful grave.—*Wordsworth.*

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WEAKNESS OF ENGLAND.—The weakness of England has for some time lain in its inadequate appreciation of the speculative life. Our active habits have been overwrought, and have absorbed some portion of the energies due to contemplation. A critical period is upon us, and it seems to find us unprepared.

*Gladstone.*

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CAUSE OF A NATION'S DECLINE.—The freedom of Rome fell with her virtue and moral habits. What the patricians were, who led her armies to those victories which established her republic, we may infer from the fact, that one of her greatest conquerors in Africa, before Scipio, though a patrician of high rank, possessed but seven acres of land for the support of his family. In this state luxury was impossible and unvalued; and the mind was invigorated by its temperate food. But when expensive habits made riches essential, both body and spirit became enervated.

*Sharon Turner.*

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE PRESENT TIMES.—Vigour, indeed, is not a-wanting; activity—restless insatiable activity, is in profusion; talent is as yet undecayed; but where are the elevated feelings, the high resolves, the enduring constancy, the religious inspiration, the moral resolution, which gave dignity and grandeur to the past age? These qualities, doubtless, are still found in many individuals; but we speak of the general tendency of things, not the character of par-



ticular men. Even where they do occur, are they not chiefly to be discerned in those of a certain standing in life? and are they not remarked by the rising generation as remnants of the former age, which are fast disappearing and will soon be totally extinct? Look at education,—above all, the education of the middle and lower orders,—and say whether a vast and degrading change is not there rapidly taking place? It is there, more than anywhere else, that “coming events cast their shadows before.” Elevating or ennobling knowledge, moral and religious instruction, purifying and entrancing compositions are discarded. The arts—the mechanical manufacturing arts—alone are looked to; nothing is thought of but what can immediately be turned into money. The Church, and all the institutions connected with it, are considered as not destined to any lengthened endurance, and therefore classical learning is scouted and abandoned. The philosopher’s stone is alone sought after by the alchemists of modern days; nothing is studied but what will render the human mind prolific of dollars. To purify the heart and humanise the affections; to improve the understanding and dignify the manners; to provide not the means of elevation in life, but the power of bearing elevation with propriety; to confer not the

power of subduing others, but the means of conquering one's self; to impress love to God and goodwill towards men, are deemed the useless and antiquated pursuits of the monks of former days. Practical chemistry and sulphuric acid, decrepitating salts and hydraulic engines, algebraic equations and commercial academies, mercantile navigation and double and single book-keeping, have fairly, in the seminaries of the middle ranks, driven Cicero and Virgil off the field. The vast extension of education, the prodigious present activity and energy of the human mind, the incessant efforts of the middle ranks to elevate and improve their worldly situation, afford, we fear, no reasonable grounds for hoping that this degrading change can be arrested; on the contrary, they are the very circumstances which afford a moral certainty that it will continue and increase.

That the energy, expectations, and discontent now generally prevalent among the labouring classes, and appearing in the feverish desire for social amelioration, and the ready reception of any projects, how vain soever, which promise to promote it, will lead to great and important changes in the condition both of government, society, and manners, is too obvious to require any illustration. The intense and feverish attention to worldly objects which these changes at

once imply and produce, the undue extension of artificial wants among the labouring poor which they generate, the severe competition to which all classes are in consequence exposed, the minute subdivision of labour which such a high and increasing state of manufacturing skill occasions, the experienced impossibility of rising in any department without a thorough and exclusive attention to its details, are the very circumstances of all others the most fatal to the improvement of the understanding, or the regulation of the heart. Amidst the shock of so many contending interests, the calm pursuits of science, which lead not to wealth, will be abandoned; the institutions which as yet maintain it will be sacrificed to the increasing clamour of democratic jealousy; literature will become a mere stimulant to the passions, or amusement of an hour; religion, separated from its property, will sink into a trade, in which the prejudices and passions of the congregations of each minister will be inflamed instead of being subdued. Every generous and ennobling study will be discarded for the mere pursuits of wealth or animal enjoyment; excitement in all its forms will become the universal object; and in the highest state of manufacturing skill, and in the latest stages of social regeneration, our descendants may sink irrecoverably into the de-

generacy of Roman or Italian manners. The extension and improvement of the mechanical arts; the multiplication of railroads, canals, and harbours—extraordinary rapidity of internal communication—increasing craving for newspapers, and in all its forms; the general spread of comfort, and universal passion for luxury, afford no antidote whatever against the native corruption of the human heart. We may go to Paris from London in three hours, and to Constantinople in twelve; we may communicate with India, by the telegraph, in a forenoon, and make an autumnal excursion to the Pyramids or Persepolis in a fortnight, by steamboats, and yet, amidst our improvements, be the most degraded and corrupt of the human race. Internal communication was brought to perfection in the Roman empire, but did that revive the spirit of the legions, or avert the arms of the barbarians? Did it restore the age of Cicero and Virgil? Because all the citizens gazed daily on the most sumptuous edifices, and lived amidst a forest of the noblest statues, did that hinder the rapid corruption of manners, the irretrievable degeneracy of character, the total extinction of genius? Did their proud and ignorant contempt of the barbarous nations save, either the Greeks or the Romans from subjugation by a ruder and more savage, but a fresher and a



nobler race? Were they not prating about the lights of the age, and the unparalleled state of social refinement, when the swords of Alaric and Attila were already drawn? In the midst of all our excursions, have we yet penetrated that deepest of all mysteries, the human heart? With all our improvements, have we eradicated one evil passion, or extinguished one guilty propensity, in that dark fountain of evil?

Sir Archibald Alison.

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A CONTRAST WITH THE PAST.—I feel assured that if Plato himself were to return and renew his sublime lucubrations in the metropolis of Great Britain, a handicraftsman from a laboratory, who had just succeeded in disoxydating an earth—*silex*, or lime, for instance—would be thought the more respectable, nay, the more illustrious person of the two. Nor will it be the least drawback from his honours, that he had never even asked himself what law of universal being nature uttered in this *phenomenon*; while the character of a visionary would be the sole remuneration of the man who, from his insight into that law, had previously demonstrated the necessity of the fact. As to that which passes with us under

the name of metaphysics, philosophic elements, and the like, I refer every man of reflection to the contrast between the present times and those shortly after the restoration of ancient literature. In the latter we find the greatest men of the age—statesmen, warriors, monarchs, architects—in closest intercourse with philosophy. I need only mention the names of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Picus Mirandola, Ficinus, and Politian, the abstruse subjects of their discussion, and the importance attached to them as the requisite qualifications of men placed by Providence as guides and governors of their fellow-creatures. If this be undeniable, equally notorious is it that at present the more effective a man's talents are, and the more likely he is to be useful and distinguished in the highest situations of public life, the earlier does he show his aversion to the metaphysics and the books of metaphysical speculation which are placed before him, though they come with the recommendation of being so many triumphs of modern good sense over the schools of ancient philosophy. Dante, Petrarch, Spenser, Philip and Algernon Sidney, Milton, and Barrow, were Platonists; but all the men of genius, with whom it has been my fortune to converse, either profess to know nothing of the present systems, or to despise them. It would

be equally unjust and irrational to seek the solution of this difference in the men; and if not, it can be found only in the philosophic systems themselves; and so in truth it is. The living of former ages communed gladly with a life-breathing philosophy; the living of the present age wisely leave the dead to take care of the dead. But whatever the causes may be, the result is before our eyes. An excess in our attachment to temporal and personal objects can be counteracted only by a pre-occupation of the intellect and the affections with permanent, universal, and eternal truths. Let no man enter, said Plato, who has not previously disciplined his mind by geometry. He considered this science as the first purification of the soul, by abstracting the attention from the accident of the senses. We, too, teach geometry; but that there may be no danger of the pupil's becoming too abstract in his conceptions, it has been not only proposed, but the proposal has been adopted, that it should be taught by wooden diagrams. It pains me to remember with what applause a work, that placed the inductions of modern chemistry in the same rank with the demonstrations of mathematical science, was received even in a mathematical university.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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YOUNG MEN OF THESE TIMES.—When I was young, I remember to have heard sensible men say that a single masterly poet or painter was often the growth of a century ; but those times are long past. Our young men know how to manage matters better ; and leap from one thing to another, according to the fashion of the time, so that it does one's heart good to see them.

Their labour is not to be before their age, but to embody the whole age in themselves ; and when that does not succeed to their heart's content, they are immeasurably dissatisfied, and abuse the vulgarity of the public, which in its sweet innocence is delighted with everything. I had a visit lately from a young man who was just from Heidelberg ; I think he could not be much above nineteen. He assured me in perfect earnest that his opinions were all made up ; and that, as he knew what he was about, he was determined henceforward to read as little as possible, and to endeavour to develop his views of human life, unaided, by his own observations on society, without suffering himself to be diverted or hindered by the talk, the books, or the pamphlets of others. That's a glorious beginning ! When a man starts from zero, his progress must needs be striking. *Goethe.*

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## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—

Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page!  
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear  
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage!

*Wordsworth.*

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THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of the crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the present say, Come! But the voices of the past say, Wait! With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection; but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and ac-

completing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I, or you, or other man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, sobeit the deed and book were well done. It is part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us; to be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say—to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices! If you look about you you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame; and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men and unsuccessful! because their purpose is not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the trick and fantasy of fame; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. If it come at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.

*Longfellow.*

## CHAPTER VII.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—The test of national education must be its result upon the national character, and upon the condition of the people. Unless that result be to raise us as a nation, to make us more wise, more honest, more capable of filling that station which Providence assigns to a truly civilized and educated people, national education is of little comparative value. If our educational system should tend rather to enervate than to strengthen the mind; if we should find that the intellectual powers with which God has endowed us are rather paralysed than brought into full vigour; if it should appear that it rather favours error than encourages truth,—surely we may well infer that there is something essentially wrong in that system. . . .

I believe that our present system of education is rather directed to the overcharging of the memory than to the true cultivation of the intellect and strengthening of the mind; that it is leading us to treat men as mere machines rather than as reflecting and responsible beings. . .

The mind may be as much cramped by too much knowledge, if knowledge is to consist in the mere

acquisition of unconnected, isolated facts, as by ignorance. For our village schools we are training teachers to be superficially acquainted with almost every department of human learning. The examinations to which they are subjected before being pronounced by government fit to undertake the charge of children of the humblest classes of society, would have been considered, but half a century ago, almost too severe a test for the master of a public school. Their acquirements either render them dissatisfied with their social position and emoluments which are assigned to them, and they see elsewhere more honourable and profitable employments; or, if deficient in energy and ambition, they remain teachers, and impart to their pupils, according to fixed rules and in certain prescribed portions, instruction as multifarious and superficial as that which they have received. The memory of the child is charged with an endless variety of facts, which, although succeeding each other in regular rotation, have no logical connection, excite in him no sympathy or interest, lead to no practical result, can be of no use to him in after life, and which, consequently, are for the most part speedily forgotten. I never lose an opportunity of visiting a village school, and I have rarely spoken to a teacher of good sense and honesty who has



not confessed and complained to me that he has been taught too many things, and none sufficiently well....

The terrible results of undue influences in the injuries inflicted upon the public interests and the public character, have long impressed good and patriotic men with a conviction of the necessity of some test for the admission of candidates into the service of the state. Examinations have been proposed, and, as you are aware, in many instances introduced. We must take care that the remedy do not give rise to as much mischief as those abuses which it was intended to remove. Already our public papers teem with advertisements of persons undertaking to prepare youths in a few days, almost hours, for such examinations.

Already is the mere trickery of the memory to be substituted for the true cultivation of the mind. Unless great care be taken, and some better system be adopted, incompetency will not be detected, nor will real merit be secured. *Austen H. Layard.*

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CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—That which I heard of the punishments used at Eton not only excited my attention but astonished me not a little. They are all very severe, and all the scholars, except those of

the highest class, are liable to corporal punishment. Even those of the highest class are liable, for some offences, to be degraded to a lower, and again punished with a rod. It is only the upper masters who have the right of administering this punishment, and they execute it themselves, after school hours. Such a custom is certainly very much in opposition to the spirit of our times, and would not at all harmonise with the principles maintained at our continental schools; and yet I believe, upon the whole, the English have the right of the matter. I believe that the abolition of corporeal punishment in our schools is only a part of the general enervation of discipline and effeminacy of manners. Three-fourths of human sinfulness, our selfishness, our laziness, our sensuality, are the offences of the body; and why should they not be punished on the body? It is said that this kind of punishment destroys the sense of honour in boys, renders them slavish in spirit, lowers the tone of their characters, &c. But do we see in the Peels, the Wellingtons, the Grahams, the Russells, of English public life, any such effect? They have all passed under the rod or the cane, yet *are* they found wanting in energy, servile in spirit, indifferent to honour, on that account? On the contrary, I believe that they owe much of their

energy and greatness to the strict discipline under which they were brought up. *Köhl.*

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INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.—The principles on which the industrial schools proceed, of giving employment along with instruction, especially as that employment is designed at the same time, if possible, to teach a trade which may be afterwards available, appears of the highest value. It is a practical discipline, a moral training, the importance of which cannot be over estimated.

In a common school, too, there can be but little moral training, however efficiently the school may be conducted; just because there is little opportunity given for the development and display of individual character. The whole management of a school requires that the pupils be as speedily as possible brought to a uniform conduct, and thus an appearance of good behaviour and propriety is produced within the schoolroom, which is too often cast aside and forgotten the moment the pupils pass the threshold. The remark was once made by an experienced teacher, that for the purposes of moral training he valued more the time he spent with his

pupils at their games than that which was spent in the schoolroom.

*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

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EDUCATION OF THE POOR.—No man can have a stronger feeling of the advantages of having the poor educated than I have ; but it ought to be recollected that education does not merely consist in learning to read and write. These are the means, and not the objects of education ; the objects are moral and religious instruction.

*Lord Palmerston.*

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GOD forbid that we should assert that education cannot be extended to the poor without involving them in the fury and the infidelity of French democracy ; but melancholy experience proves that it cannot be extended to a *corrupted and vicious poor* without producing these disastrous effects. Like every other great power in human affairs, the press becomes an instrument of virtue or of vice according to the character of the person to whom it is entrusted ; like the Amreeta Cup in Kehama, it confers an immortality of bliss or of agony, as it is taken by a virtuous or corrupted spirit. In the rural districts of Great Britain the spread of reading has led chiefly to



an extension of religious knowledge, or the diffusion of useful information; in the manufacturing, and in all great towns, it has augmented enormously the growth of democracy and irreligion—an aversion to the restraints of this world and of the next. Such is the eternal law of nature: and in its operation is found the great means of purification which Omnipotence provides for the sins and corruptions of nations.

*Sir Archibald Alison.*

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## CHAPTER VIII.

PURSUIT OF WEALTH.—There is a tendency among certain Englishmen to estimate a man, not by his intrinsic qualities, by his intellectual or moral wealth, but by his fortune and his rank. Wealth is with them the chief of merits; and when they wish to know a man's standing in society, they ask, "What is he worth?"

*Merle D'Aubigné.*

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SCIENCE is engaged in the cause—idolized for the inventions which can be made subservient to wealth or pleasure; but little cared for on any other account; that is, highly valued as conducive to enjoyment,

but viewed with comparative indifference as a means of intellectual elevation, or as a display of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator and Preserver of the world. Enterprise scours the earth in search of new markets. Ingenuity is employed in devising the most ample and economical means of supplying them; till vast and various as the markets are, they are overstocked; and in facilitating the transmission of intelligence to and fro, with an eagerness which might lead one to think that the saving half a day in the arrival of a mail from India is important, if not essential, to the well-being of society. Manual labour is displaced to the utmost practical extent by machinery, without any consideration of the consequences of making "empty the soul of the hungry." Capital and skill are continually encroaching on industry. And capitalists live in a feverish excitement, fostered by the vastness and variety of the schemes for profitable investments; while men, women, and children, are taxed beyond their strength when wanted, and thrown by (rather as machines than as men) when done with. I do not mean that it is a Christian duty to reject the aid which science offers to the arts; to prefer clumsy to effective machines; expensive to cheap production; or slow to quick communication; but (to borrow a figure

from recent discovery) must the social system be thus urged by high pressure, uncontrolled by a regulator? . . . If there be any difference in the value set on the enjoyments of life, and in the zeal with which they are sought in Christian London, Mahometan Constantinople, and Pagan Calcutta, it is too small to be discoverable by any ordinary observer. There is no limit to desire, no moderation in pursuit; at least none for conscience' sake.

*Dewdney.*

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THE RAILWAY MANIA, 1844, 1845, 1846.—The effect of this universal mania appeared in a thousand different ways, some of which, it must be confessed, exhibited the national character in no very favourable colours. The passion for gain, now thoroughly awakened, seized upon all classes, pervaded both sexes, swept away all understandings. The grave and the gay, the old and the young, the studious and the volatile, were alike involved in the vortex. The few who ventured to withstand the torrent, and to suggest that the currency and capital of the country were alike inadequate to bear the strain which would soon be brought upon them, were put aside as mere alarmists, whose opinions

were entitled to no consideration. It was said the money never left the country, that it only circulated from hand to hand with more rapidity, and that there was enough and to spare. Everyone concerned, however remotely, in the great work of forming the network of railways which was to overspread the country, was worked to death, so great was the universal anxiety to get the lines forward. Surveyors with theodolites and chains were incessantly travelling the country in every direction; and when the proprietor refused his consent to their entry, it was stealthily obtained at night, or openly asserted in daylight by large bodies of men. Nothing could resist the universal mania. Park walls were to be perforated, shady dells penetrated, gardens pierced through, stately mansions levelled with the ground, villages ruined, streets effaced, to make way for those gigantic precursors of human improvement. As the season passed on, and the 30th November, the last day for lodging plans with the Board of Trade, approached, the pressure and excitement became unparalleled. Lithographers by hundreds were brought over from Belgium and France to aid in making plans; the engineers and their clerks sat up all night, and several of them in two years made large fortunes. On the evening of the closing day the doors of the



Board of Trade were besieged by a clamorous crowd contending for admission, as at the pit doors of the opera when a popular actress is to perform : above 600 plans were thrust in before the doors closed at midnight, on 30th November, 1845. The capital required for their construction was 270,950,000*l.*, and above 23,000,000*l.* required to be deposited before the Acts could be applied for !

It may easily be conceived that so prodigious and universal a ferment in society did not take place without unhinging in a great degree the public mind, and bringing forward in the most dangerous way many of the worst qualities of human nature. The same effects on all classes which had been observed in France during the Mississippi bubble, reappeared in Great Britain, but on a much larger scale, and pervading more universally all gradations of society. The passion for gain, deemed by all to be within their reach, seized upon all classes. Not a doubt was entertained, save by the thinking few, who were derided as alarmists and croakers, of the possibility, nay certainty, of reaching the goal ; the only point was, who was to be first in the race ? All classes joined in it : country clergymen and curates hastened to invest the savings of their scanty incomes in the golden investments ; traders and shopkeepers in towns almost universally expended their all in similar

undertakings; servants, both in affluent and humble families, were to be seen on all sides crowding to the agents' offices in the nearest towns, to throw their little savings into the crucible from whence a golden image was expected to start forth. It was painful to behold the extent of the delusion, mournful to contemplate its certain consequences. No class, not even the very highest, was exempt from it. Ladies of rank and fashion hastened from their splendid West End mansions into the City to besiege the doors of the fortunate speculators, whose abodes were deemed a certain entrance to fabled wealth; the palaces of the exclusives were thrown open to vulgar manners and grotesque habits, to facilitate an entrance into these magician's dens.

Doubtless some classes gained, and that enormously, by this universal insanity. The legislative attorneys, the engineers in chief employment, and the surveyors, rapidly made fortunes. It must be confessed they gave the public something very tempting, in appearance at least, for their money. There was not a line proposed that was not supported by the opinion of professional men of the highest character, to the effect that at least *ten per cent.*, probably much more, would be the certain returns to the fortunate shareholders. Experience has long proved that by doubling the estimated costs, and

halving the estimated profits, a much nearer approximation to the truth would be obtained. . . It was computed that no less than 16,000,000*l.* was expended in surveys, legislation, or litigation connected with the bills got up during the railway mania before they got through Parliament; of the 300,000,000*l.* in round numbers which the lines were computed to cost, nearly a third has never paid anything in the shape of dividend, and on the remaining two-thirds the net receipts, after deducting the working expenses, would not on an average exceed 3 per cent.

It would be well if the historian had only to record the immediate losses which arose to the parties concerned in them from these gigantic undertakings. But unfortunately the evil did not stop here; but, on the contrary, has impressed its mark in a lasting way on the national character, and on the estimation in which the legislature is held. From the extravagant speculations and unbounded gains and losses of the years during which the mania lasted, may be dated a great change, and one materially for the worse, in the mercantile character of the country. The old English merchant, cautious, upright, honourable, lavish in his charities, economical in his household, liberal to others, saving upon himself, has disappeared. “*Namque avaritia fidem, probitatem*

ceterasque artis bonas subvertit; pro his superbiam crudelitatem, Deos negligere, *omnia venalia habere*, edocuit. Hæc primo paullatim crescere, interdum, vindicari. Post, ubi contagio quasi pestilentia invasit civitas immutata.” In the joint-stock companies which succeeded the individual direction of the old English merchant, facilities to fraud were multiplied, inducements to probity taken away. Forgery and embezzlement hoped for evasion in the careless management of the many; honesty and integrity lost their appropriate reward by their fruits being shared by numbers. Every species of fraud—false balance-sheets, false dividends, cooked accounts—was perpetrated, in some cases with long-continued concealment and immense profits. When at length the perpetrators of the iniquity had in general escaped, aware of what was coming, they had in time disposed of their shares to the widow and the orphan, who, deceived by their representations, bore the penalty of their sins. The *transferable* nature of the shares in those public companies added immensely to the facilities of fraud, for the shares could be disposed of before the fraud was discovered. Unfortunately the legislature itself did not in the general whirl escape, at least in general estimation, unscathed; and the railway committees, pressed with



business, and distracted by opposite opinions from witnesses of equal respectability and skill, gave such various and contradictory decisions, that the public confidence in the wisdom and disinterestedness of the legislature was for the time at least seriously impaired.

*Sir Archibald Alison.*

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THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.—Can the rich and fashionable who order expensive articles of taste and luxury, which, when brought home, they make no arrangement to pay for, be morally less culpable, in the sight of God, than the poor man, who, to satisfy the pressing need of a starving family, by shoplifting or burglary, carries away a tradesman's goods. The only difference is, that in the former case it is with his cognizance, but probably to his greater detriment than in the latter. . . . O my countrymen and women! do you believe in the all-seeing eye of Him who has recorded it in His word, "Surely I will never forget any of their works;" and into whose ear the sighs of those you help to ruin are being breathed? Familiarity with bankruptcy—dishonest practices—dangerous speculations—all the unhealthy atmosphere which at this time seems to pervade so many houses of business in London, arise, mainly,

from this fatal credit system, which seems at last to be like a gambling speculation. I would ask any one who knew London ten or fifteen years ago to look at the shops now. Never was there more show—more splendour; but never was there more miserable hollowness—more subterfuges to get money, and ingenious deceptions. Every one says they hardly know whom to trust. But although much, no doubt, must be attributed to the grasping, speculating spirit of the present day, a heavy and large share of deep responsibility must lie at the door of those who do not pay their bills punctually and honestly. They ruin fair trade; for they distress and destroy the well-principled tradesman, and they create those false principles which corrupt the weak into dishonest dealers, by familiarizing them with every kind of fraud to keep themselves afloat. *Anon.*

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PILATE AND HIS WASH-BASIN.—Almost every day we meet with men who remind us of the Roman governor, as he calls for water, washes his hands, and says, “I am innocent.”—Here is one who pleads circumstances in which he is placed, as an excuse for his sins. He regrets the fact, but his situation is so

very peculiar that he must be excused for doing what he knows to be wrong. . . . There are hundreds of men who indulge in sharp practices which conscience condemns, and screen themselves by the plea that these things are required by the custom and usages of trade. . . . Still there are times when the merchant finds it difficult to forget such passages as these : “Woe unto him that builds his house with unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong.” Such remembrances are anything but pleasant to him, and, like Pilate, he washes his hands, and says, and tries hard to believe, that he is innocent. Who can describe one in a thousand of the methods by which men deceive themselves and imperil their souls? We are ready to conclude that Pilate was very much like the men of the present generation, and that his wash-basin has come to be an institution in the world. But, however excuses for sin may be multiplied, or whatever effect they may have to blind the conscience and pervert the judgment, it still remains a solemn truth : “God is not mocked ; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” *R. M. H.*

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## CHAPTER IX.

LONDON POOR.—We are a little too apt to pride ourselves on our material growth, and to overlook the quality in the quantity of our population. Thirty millions of people in the United Kingdom, one-tenth of whom belong to London proper, make a very pretty figure in returns and official documents, until they come to be carefully sifted and examined. Taken in the bulk, with lofty statistical disregard of minds and souls, they show an undoubted advance in capital and prosperity. Taken in detail, in a kind of house-to-house visitation, they show that the spreading limbs of a great city may be healthy and vigorous, while its heart may gradually become more choked up and decayed. A vast deal of life that skulks or struggles in London is only familiar to the hard-working clergy, certain medical practitioners, and a few parochial officers. It burrows in holes and corners at the back of busy thoroughfares, where few know of its existence or care to follow it. The largest and most painstaking directories pass it by; writers upon London reject it as too mean, too repulsive, or too obscure; and novelists, when they condescend to touch it, for the sake of obtaining con-



trasts, often paint it in the colours of imagination rather than in the hard outlines of fact. Its records, if truthfully given, have little romance, little beauty, and little variety. Poverty, ignorance, dirt, immorality, and crime, are the five great divisions of its history. . . .

We have all hurried for years by the bright open highways, scarcely glancing at the little doorways scattered here and there between the busy shops; and yet these doorways—holes—call them by what name we will—are the entrances to many thousands of closely-packed homes. . . . They are penal settlements, not homes; and those who visit them, and consider the effect they must have on mind and morals, are compelled to wonder that there is not far more vice and drunkenness in the world. . . .

Our benevolent societies are all either too large-minded, or tied to the log of a rumbling title. . . .

We all know what home influence is for good or evil, and here are one hundred and fifty thousand families living in dens that are worse than sewers. The most awful thing in connection with these people is to find them utterly blind to their dirt and misery. Their senses are blunted by long familiarity; they cannot see the overcrowding, the mass of rotten filth that surrounds them; they cannot smell the stench;

they are choked with dirt, and yet feel clean ; and they slink up the foul back-streets, and are satisfied with their condition. The six thousand dwellers in London model lodging-houses look down upon them with contempt, the very porters spurn them from the model doors, and they sink back a million of helpless lepers that no man will touch. *John Hollingshead.*

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DEPEND upon it, that while they are left in their present state, and exposed to all the detestable circumstances that surround them, the efforts of the clergyman and the missionary will be in vain ; you undo with one hand the work of the other ; it is a Penelope's web, woven in the morning but unravelled at night. *Earl of Shaftesbury.*

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-ATTEMPTS AT REFORM IN "RAGGED" LONDON.  
—No one has ever properly grappled with it,\* has ever thoroughly understood it, or perhaps tried to understand it ; the attempts at reform have been mere pickings at the surface—feeble, half-supported efforts to do good. *John Hollingshead.*

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\* Mr. Hollingshead mentions the "Domestic and Bible Home Mission," detailed in the 'Missing Link,' as a "step in the right direction."

A DWELLING.—UGH! it was the very mouth of hell, that room! And in the midst of all the rout, the relieving officer stood impassive, jotting down scraps of information, and warning us to appear the next day, to state what we knew before the magistrates. Needless hypocrisy of law! Too careless to save the woman and children from brutal tyranny, nakedness, and starvation! Too superstitious to offend its idol vested interests by protecting the poor man against his tyrants, the house-owning shopkeepers, under whose greed the dwellings of the poor become nests of filth and pestilence, drunkenness and degradation. Careless, superstitious, imbecile law! leaving the victims to die unhelped, and then, when the fever and the tyranny has done its work, in thy sanctimonious prudishness, drugging thy respectable conscience by a “searching inquiry” as to how it all happened, lest, forsooth, there should have been “foul play.” Is the knife or the bludgeon, then, the only foul play, and not the cesspool and the curse of Rabshakeh? Go through Bermondsey or Spitalfields, St. Giles’s or Lambeth, and see if there is not foul play enough already, to be tried hereafter at a more awful coroner’s inquest than thou thinkest of! \*

*Kingsley.*

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\* Alton Locke.

VAGRANTS.—For the able-bodied vagrant, it is well known that the old English laws had no mercy. When wages are low, and population has outgrown the work which can be provided for it, idleness may be involuntary and innocent; at a time when all industrious men could maintain themselves in comfort and prosperity, “when a fair day’s wages for a fair day’s work” was really and truly the law of the land, it was presumed that if strong, capable men preferred to wander about the country, and live upon the labour of others, mendicancy was not the only crime of which they were likely to be guilty; while idleness itself was justly looked upon as a high offence and misdemeanour. The penalty of God’s laws against idleness, as expressed in the system of nature, was starvation; and it was held intolerable that any man should be allowed to escape God’s judgments by begging under false pretences, and robbing others of their honest earnings.

*Froude.*

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I REMEMBER the time when money given to beggars was supposed to be well bestowed—a notion now exploded; yet even this exercise of benevolence



is less mischievous than the support of regular establishments for the increase of paupers.

*Lord Brougham.*

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MARTINETTS.—When I die may the poor regret me ! if they do, their judgment will be more in my favour than anything else. My pride and happiness through life has been that the soldiers loved me. They did not like my rigid discipline and drill, because no mortal likes labour ; but I never yet neglected duty to please soldiers. I sought their good will, and won it by justice and kindness of feeling towards them, not by improper indulgence. . . .

My indignation rises at customs now springing up in the army. As military knowledge decays, aristocratic, or rather upstart arrogance increases. A man of high breeding is hand-and-glove with his men, while the son of the millionaire hardly speaks to a soldier. . . .

Amongst the modern military changes there is one which has been gradually introduced in a number of regiments, by gentlemen usually called “martinets” —not soldiers, only martinets—who would not let a poor soldier eat his dinner his own way, if they could help it. The innovation is that of prohibiting a

private soldier addressing his officer, unless in full uniform, and accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, also full dressed! This is a very dangerous innovation; it is digging a ditch between the officers and their men! . . . Men often want to speak to their officers without having a complaint—to ask his advice, or some small indulgence; and this enables the officer to see character, to show personal interest, to encourage and correct. . . .

The spirit of aristocracy is strong in the soldiers; they respect and honour their officers generally; but these martinets, who leave nothing to human nature, who would make them blow their noses by beat of drum, produce disgust at the service. Such innovations arise indeed from over-zeal and want of judgment, but they are very mischievous. The proper intercourse of officer and soldier was formerly left to the Captain. *Gen. Sir Charles Napier.*

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ENGLISH POOR.—It is commonly said in England that there is less personal intercourse between the master cotton-spinner and his workmen, than between the Duke of Wellington and the meanest cottager on his estate. *Köhl.*

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SYMPATHY.—We keep too much aloof from those beneath us : hence their somewhat natural prejudices are left unmitigated, and we become objects only of their suspicion and dislike. Even towards our domestic servants we are apt to think our whole duty fulfilled when the contract between us is performed—when we have paid them their wages, and especially if, further, we have curbed our temper and used no violent expressions towards them, but ever treated them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings. How painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere ! This reserve, peculiar to the English character, greatly tends to prevent that reciprocation of kind words, gracious admonitions, friendly inquiries, and gentle affections, which, more than any book education, culture the heart, while they refine and elevate the character of those to whom they are addressed. If I were to be asked, What is the great want of English society to mingle class with class ? I should reply in one word—*sympathy !*

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*Talfourd.*

RICH AND POOR.—In these days the rich do not look enough to the poor. We have great exertions for public charities, indeed, but there is a separation in England between the rich and poor, and to me it is a strong indication of decline.

*Gen. Sir Charles Napier.*

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COMMON SENSE.—What is that *rara avis*, Common Sense? It is, I believe, a good understanding, moderated and modulated by a good heart.

*Duke of Wellington.*

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SPIRITS AND TOBACCO.—What is the quality in which the improvident classes of this country are so deficient as self-denial—the ability to sacrifice a small present gratification for a future good? Those classes who work the hardest might naturally be expected to value the most the money which they earn; yet the readiness with which so many are accustomed to eat up and drink up their earnings as they go, renders them to a great extent absolutely helpless and dependent on the frugal. There are large num-



bers of men among us who, though enjoying sufficient means of comfort and independence, are often found to be barely a day's march ahead of actual want when a time of pressure occurs; and hence a great cause of social helplessness and suffering. On one occasion a deputation waited on Lord John Russell, respecting the taxation levied on the working classes of the country, when the noble lord took the opportunity of remarking: "You may rely upon it that the Government of this country durst not tax the working classes to anything like the extent to which they tax themselves in their expenditure upon intoxicating drinks alone."

The whole expenses of conducting the government of Great Britain at home and abroad, for the year ending the 31st December, 1859, including the excessive cost of the army and navy in that year, the courts of justice, and all the public departments of state (exclusive only of the interest on the national debt), amounted to 34,136,399*l.*; whereas it is computed by Mr. Porter that we expend annually upwards of forty-eight millions sterling on intoxicating drinks and tobacco, the principal part of which is borne by the working classes. *Smiles.*

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THE DRUNKEN MESS.—In the year 1799, when I was Acting-Lieutenant in the *Weazle* sloop-of-war, Captain Durbain, who had a particular aversion to flogging for *drunkenness*, said to me, “I wish you could invent some method of checking this evil.” After some consideration, I made the following proposition:—“To separate every person found drunk from the rest of the crew—oblige them to mess by themselves on the main hatchway—to have their dinner after all the rest were done—their clothes to be marked “D,” and their wooden utensils to be marked “Drunken Mess”—to wring swabs, sweep the decks, and do all the dirty work in the ship—to be made to drink their allowance of six-water grog, instead of three, on the quarterdeck;—and for the first offence to be one month, and for the second two months, in the “drunken mess.”

This plan, which was adopted, had the desired effect, and in a few months almost completely cured the crew of this evil. But the most remarkable instance was on board H.M.S. *Victory*, recommissioned in 1808, when I was First Lieutenant. This ship was manned chiefly by a draft of men from a ship that was proverbial for drunkenness, which flogging and other punishments had failed to sub-

due. I proposed my plan to the Captain, who gladly adopted it. The effect was wonderful. Every one of the crew of eight hundred men, who passed up and down the main hatchway, had a laugh, if not a joke, at the drunkards, who were heard to say they would sooner take "three dozen lashes at the gangway than be put a second time into the *drunken* mess!" In six months this lamentable evil was almost vanquished.

My voyage to the Arctic regions occupied four years — from April, 1829, to October, 1833. I was twenty years older than any of the officers and crew, and thirty years older than all excepting three; yet I could stand the cold and endure the fatigue better than any of them, who all made use of tobacco and spirits. I entirely abstained from these.

The most irresistible proof of the value of abstinence from spirituous liquors was when we abandoned our ship the *Victory* in Victoria Harbour. We were obliged to leave behind us *all* our wine and spirits, because we could not carry any on our heavily-loaded sledges, which we had to drag nine hundred miles before we got to Fury Beach. There indeed we found provisions, but, thank God! no spirits; and it was quite remarkable to observe how much

stronger and more able the men were to do their work, when they had nothing but water to drink.

*Sir John Ross.*

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SCOTCH BODIES.— *To Mrs. H. B. Stowe:—*

. . . . . At present there are about twenty thousand prisoners in Scotland. In Stonehaven they are fed at about seventeen pounds each annually. The honest poor, outside the prison, upon the parish roll, are fed at the rate of five farthings a day, or two pounds a year. The employment of the prisoners is grinding the wind, we ca' it; turning the crank, in plain English. The latest improvement is the streekin-board: it's a Whig improvement o' Lord Jonnie Russell's.

I ken brawly ye are a curious wife, and would like to ken a' about the Scotch bodies. Weel, they are a gey ignorant, proud, drunken pack; they manage to pay ilka year for whiskey one million three hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds!

*'Old Scotch Bachelor.'*

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## CHAPTER X.

DETERMINATION.—The endowments of nature we cannot command, but we can cultivate those given. My experience is that men of great talents are apt to do nothing for want of vigour. Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose—these carry the day.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails.

Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw—*some iron in you*.

Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision made is final—no wavering; that, once resolved, you are not to be allured nor intimidated.

*Sir Fowell Buxton.*

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TRUE BENEVOLENCE.—There have been enthusiasts about heraldry. Many have devoted themselves to chess. Is the welfare of living, thinking, suffering, eternal creatures, less interesting than “argent” and “azure,” or than the knight’s move, and the progress of a pawn? . . .

A vague feeling of kindness towards our fellow-

creatures is no state of mind to rest in. It is not enough for us to be able to say that nothing of human interest is alien to us, and that we give our acquiescence, or indeed our transient assistance, to any scheme of benevolence that may come in the way. No: in promoting the welfare of others we must toil; we must devote to it earnest thought, constant care, and zealous endeavour.

What is more, we must do all with patience; and be ready, in the same cause, to make an habitual sacrifice of our own tastes and wishes. Nothing short of this is the visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, which our creed requires of us.

*Arthur Helps.*

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IDLENESS.—The total loss of time in pure contented idleness, needless sleep, and painful listlessness, is to be condemned without mercy as the most unqualified guilt.

*John Foster.*

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ONE-HALF of the complaints of the conduct of officers during peace, of vulgar jokes and boyish follies, has resulted from the forced idleness of their position.

*Sidney Herbert.*

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SHALL ambition and avarice never sleep? Shall they never want objects on which to fasten? Shall they be so observant to discover, so acute to discern, so eager, so patient to pursue, and shall the benevolence of Christians want employment?

*Wilberforce.*

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RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.—What may be called religious pretension, showing itself by much zeal for particular opinions and certain external observances, while there is no corresponding influence upon the moral feelings and the character. The truths which form the great object of religious belief, are of so momentous a kind, that, when they are really believed, they cannot fail to produce effects of the most decided and most extensive nature; and where this influence is not steadily exhibited, there is a fatal error in the moral economy—there is either self-deception, or an intention to deceive others. . . .

It is easy to acquire a peculiar phraseology; and, among a party, it is not difficult to procure a name, by condemning certain other compliances which by them are technically styled the manners of the world. But all this, it is evident, may be assumed; it may be, and probably often is, no better than a name; it often amounts to nothing more than sub-

stituting one kind of excitement for another, while the moral being continues unchanged. True religion is seated in the heart, and sends out from thence a purifying influence over the whole character. In its essential nature it is a contest within, open only to the eye of Him who seeth in secret. It seeks not therefore the applause of men; and it shrinks from that spurious religionism whose prominent characters are talk, and pretension, and external observance, often accompanied by uncharitable censure. Like its Divine Pattern, it is meek and lowly—"it is pure and peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." It aims not at an ostentatious display of principles, but a steady exhibition of fruits.

*Abercrombie.*

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Dost thou fancy as the heathen do, that God needs to be flattered with fine words? or that thou wilt be heard for thy much speaking and thy vain repetitions? He asks of thee works as well as words; and more, He asks of thee works first, and words after. And better it is to praise Him truly by works without words, than falsely by words without works.

Cry, if thou wilt, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts!" but show that thou believest Him to be holy



by being holy thyself. Sing, if thou wilt, of "The Father of an Infinite Majesty;" but show that thou believest His Majesty to be infinite by obeying his commandments like those Three Children, let them cost thee what they may. *Kingsley.*

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THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.—While faith raises us towards Heaven, charity brings us down to the homeliest duties of our daily life, to the care of our children, to the instruction of the young, to ministering to the sick, to comforting the widow, to visiting the prisoner, to reclaiming the drunkard, to the binding up of wounds, and the washing of feet; and in this region of practical duty we find our test of necessary doctrine. Whatever is really necessary to reform the sinner, to comfort the sorrowful, and to guide the dying on their way to heaven; that, and that only, is the doctrine which God calls upon every man to receive.

There may be a higher heaven to which some chosen servants of God may be raised; there may be unutterable words which only they can hear; visions of glory may be opened to the view of some, which are denied to others; but the range of necessary doctrine we believe to be that which is attain-

able by all; because the promise is to the wayfaring man, and to the simple, to the poor, and to the blind.

*Bishop Selwyn.*

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FREEDOM OF THE WILL.—The privilege of man is his free will, his power of free moral action.

*Bunsen.*

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It is *will*—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, “Whatever you wish, that you are;” for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be seriously, and with a true intention, that we become.

*Smiles.*

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## CHAPTER XI.

ENGLISH FITS OF INDIGNATION.—We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels, pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the

laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must take a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they must be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken. And our virtue goes to sleep, to sleep for six or seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be repressed by penal legislation. It is therefore right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately, not by sudden fits and

starts. There should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and too hasty to investigate facts and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion, it is infinitely more irrational. It is good a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions. But it is not good that the offenders should merely have to stand the risks of a lottery of infamy; that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape, and that the hundredth—perhaps the most innocent of the hundred—should pay for all.

*Lord Macaulay.*

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EXPOSURE.—The more I see of the countries of the world the more certain it appears to me that morality, private and public, is the *sine quâ non* for good government; and the *sine quâ non* of morality is a free press. The fear of exposure deters man and woman from crime: both will risk death, any punishment, to gratify the ruling passion: we risk death for trifling gratifications, but fear of exposure acts constantly, and no punishment is more just,



being generally exactly suited to the crime. Sometimes it may be hard, being like all things liable to exceptions; but it would be difficult to show an unjust outcry raised by the press against an innocent person, which the same press has not sooner or later exerted itself to redress. It also holds the tribunals of justice to such correct principles that the injured find redress there, even against the press, which thus corrects itself.

*General Sir Charles Napier.*

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LORD BYRON.—The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. . . . The publication of a bad book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a deathbed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity; and so long is he heaping

up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation. These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings ; who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of colouring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favourite vices, and deceive themselves. What, then, should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood, and with deliberate purpose ? Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labour to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul ! . . . This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners,\* that “the destruction of governments may be proved, and deduced from the general cor-

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\* South.

ruption of the subjects' manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in mathematics." There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long subsist—a truth which all history exemplified; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

*R. Southey.*

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.—There is not a trace of vulgarity in any of his often dazzling and enthralling, but not equal compositions, all of which emanated from the pen of the highly-finished scholar and gentleman.

*Samuel Warren.*

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## CHAPTER XII.

A SOCIAL WANT.—There is a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humbler classes, though it is one of the most incessantly craving of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases,

urges men into vice and crime. It is the want of amusement. It is vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle of our nature, it calls for its natural indulgence, and cannot be permanently debarred from it, without souring the temper, and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of all other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness ; but gratified to a moderate extent it must be, in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active, or contented member of society. Now I would ask, what provision do we find for the cheap, and innocent, and daily amusements of the labouring population of this country ? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow after the fatigue of a day's hard work, or the stupefying monotony of some sedentary occupation ? Why, really very little. I hardly like to assume the appearance of a wish to rip up grievances by saying *how* little. The pleasant field walk and the village green are becoming rarer and rarer every year. Music and dancing (the more's the pity) have become so closely associated with ideas of riot and debauchery, among the less-cultivated classes, that a taste for



them for their own sakes can hardly be said to exist, and before they can be recommended as innocent or safe amusements, a very great change of ideas must take place. The beer-shop and the public-house, it is true, are always open, and always full; but it is not by *those* institutions that the cause of moral and intellectual culture is advanced. The truth is, that under the pressure of a continually condensing population, the habits of the city have crept into the village—the demands of agriculture have become sterner and more imperious; and while hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated and unappropriated, there is positively not space left for many of the cheerful amusements of rural life. Now, since this appears to be unavoidable, and as it is physically impossible that the amusements of a condensed population should continue to be those of a scattered one, it behoves us strongly to consider of some substitutes. But perhaps it may appear to some almost preposterous to enter on the question. Why, the very name of a labourer has something about it with which amusement seems out of character. Labour is work, amusement is play; and though it has passed into a proverb, that one without the other will make a dull boy, we seem to have altogether lost sight of a thing equally obvious, that a community of “dull boys” in this

sense, is only another word for a society of ignorant, headlong, and ferocious men. *Sir John Herschel.*

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CONTENTMENT.—Fit objects to employ the intervals of life are among the greatest aids to contentment that a man can possess. The lives of many persons are an alternation of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort of listless apathy. They are either grinding or doing nothing. Now to those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence. A man should have some pursuits which may be always in his power, and to which he may turn gladly in his hours of recreation. And if the intellect requires thus to be provided with perpetual objects, what must it be with the affections? Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure he does not love his fellow-creatures as he ought. *Arthur Helps.*

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RECREATION.—Re-creation is the freeing the body and the spirit from strain, to which either or

both are subjected. What is recreation to one man is therefore labour to another ; and the student could often do no better than wield the adze or the hammer for a while, and let the body-worn mechanic peruse the works which he had left on his desk. It is curious enough to notice how ignorantly some persons recreate themselves. Men often, in another form, press on the exhausted function, believing mere change to be equivalent to rest, which it sometimes is ; or they wholly abandon themselves to idleness, whereas some occupation is absolutely necessary to any man accustomed to work.

Of all the causes which press on the spirit of a man who is fully engaged in the competition, anxieties, and cares of life, those which tell on him as a spiritual being, "heir of immortality," are from time to time the weightiest. He feels the urgent need of some time and some place where he may go apart for rest awhile. To the greatest number this is impossible. He has no such place, even if he have the time. The fields, it may be, are too far ; his house is too crowded ; he can find no quiet spot ; the streets are his refuge and his chiefest solitude. What is it in us English which makes it impossible for the Churches to be always open, that the weary in heart may find stillness there ? Has the experiment failed

in the few cases that it has been tried? Are there none, to whom the opportunity has occurred, that can tell of the blessing of the few minutes dragged out of the hurried work, and soothed by the peace of the dim, still Church? *H. Acland.*

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OUR PLEASURES.—Let us be hearty in our pleasures as in our work, and not think the gracious Being who has made us so open-hearted to delight, looks with dissatisfaction at our enjoyments, as a hard taskmaster might, who in the glee of his slaves could see only a hindrance to their profitable working. And with reference to our individual cultivation, we may remember that we are not here to promote incalculable quantities of law, physic, or manufactured goods, but to become men: not narrow pedants, but wide-seeing, mind-travelled men. . . . . Our poor and arid education has often made time hang heavy on our hands, given opportunity for scandal, occasioned domestic dissension, and prevented the just enjoyment we should have had of the gifts of nature. More large and general cultivation of music, the fine arts, of manly and graceful exercises, of various minor branches of science and natural philosophy, will, I am



persuaded, enhance greatly the pleasure of society ; and mainly in this, that it will fill up that want of something to do besides talking which is so grievously felt at present.

*Arthur Helps.*

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CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness, the opposite of discontent and gloom, is at the same time the soil and the flower of virtue, and her garland.

*Jean Paul Richter.*

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BIRDS SINGING AMONG RUINS.—Christ says that amid the vaster ruins of man's desolation, ruins more dreadfully suggestive than those of sculptured frieze and architrave, we can yet live a bird's life of unanxious joy ; or, as Martin Luther beautifully paraphrases it, " We can be like a bird that sits singing on his twig, and lets God think for him." The deep consciousness that we are ourselves ruined, and that this world is a desolation more awful, and of more sublime material, and wrought from stuff of higher temper than ever was sculptured in hall or cathedral,—this it must be that touches such deep springs of sympathy in the presence of ruins. We, too, are desolate, shattered, and scathed ; there are heaven-

aspiring arches, splendid colonnades and halls, but fragmentary all. Yet above us bends an all-pitying Heaven, and spiritual voices and callings in our hearts, like these little singing-birds, speak of a time when Almighty power shall take pleasure in these stones, and favour the dust thereof.

*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

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CURIOUS DISTINCTIONS.—It is not creditable to “a thinking people” that the two things they most thank God for should be eating and fighting. We say grace when we are going to cut up lamb and chicken, and when we have stuffed ourselves with both to an extent that an ourang-outang would be ashamed of; and we offer up our best praises to the Creator for having blown and sabred his “images,” our fellow-creatures, to atoms, and drenched them in blood and dirt. This is odd. Strange that we should keep our most pious transports for the lowest of our appetites and the most melancholy of our necessities! That we should never be wrought up into paroxysms of holy gratitude but for bubble and squeak, or a good-sized massacre! That we should think it ridiculous to be asked to say grace for a concert or a flower-show, or the sight of a gallery of pictures, or

any other of the divinest gifts of Heaven ; yet hold it to be the most natural and exalted of impulses to fall on our knees for having kicked, beaten, torn, shattered, drowned, stifled, exenterated, mashed, and abolished thousands of our neighbours, whom we are directed to “love as ourselves” ! *Leigh Hunt.*

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UNSELFISHNESS.—Let your hearts be cleansed from all that is selfish by the saving grace of Jesus, and let the eyes of your soul be opened. Then will you never have that narrow-mindedness which will be rejected before the throne. You will not cast away what the world offers you of art, science, enjoyment, or whatever it may be, but you will have it purified by the Spirit which refines, and use it when it is sanctified. You will not condemn what the Lord has not condemned, but rejoice when you can bless. You will often feel a quiet, delightful peace in your heart, when you check the word of blame that is on your lip, and is not required ; and do it from love to Him who lets the vilest sinner taste His grace. Happy is the Christian who always follows the guidance of the Spirit, that so often enjoins silence rather than words ! *Tholuck.*

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ALPINE FLOWERS.—One thing is evident: He who made the world is no utilitarian, no despiser of the fine arts, and no condemner of ornament; and those religionists who seek to restrain everything within the limits of cold, bare utility, do not imitate our Father in heaven. These flowers seemed to me to be earth's raptures and aspirations—her better moments—her lucid intervals. Like everything else in our existence, they are mysterious. In what mood of mind were they conceived by the Great Artist? Of what feelings of his are they the expression—springing up out of the dust, in those gigantic, waste, and desolate regions, where one would think the sense of his Almighty might overpower the soul? Born in the track of the glacier and the avalanche, they seem to say to us that this Almighty Being is very pitiful and of tender compassion; that, in his infinite soul, there is an exquisite tenderness and love of the beautiful; and that, if we would be blessed, his will to bless is infinite.

The greatest men have always thought much of flowers. Luther always kept a flower in a glass on his writing-table; and when he was waging his great public controversy with Eckius, he kept a flower in his hand. Lord Bacon has a beautiful passage on



flowers. As to Shakspeare, he is a perfect Alpine valley—he is full of flowers; they spring, and blossom, and wave in every cleft of his mind. Witness the ‘Midsummer Night’s Dream.’ Even Milton, cold, serene, and stately as he is, breaks forth into exquisite gushes of tenderness and fancy when he marshals the flowers, as in ‘Lysidus’ and ‘Comus.’ . . . Could not a peach-tree bear peaches without a blossom? What a waste is all this coloured corolla of flowers, as if seed could not mature without them! God could have created the fruit in good, strong, homely bushel-baskets, if he had been so disposed.

“Turn off my eyes from beholding vanity,” says a good man when he sees a display of graceful ornament. What, then, must he think of the Almighty Being, all whose useful work is overlaid with ornament? There is not a fly’s leg, not an insect’s wing, which is not polished and decorated to an extent that we should think positive extravagance in finishing up a child’s dress. And can we suppose that this Being can take delight in dwellings and modes of life or forms of worship where everything is reduced to cold, naked utility? I think not. The instinct to adorn and beautify is from him; he likens us to him, and if rightly understood, instead of being a siren to be-

guile our hearts away, it will be the closest affiliating band.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

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POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.—The *necessity* of amusement is admitted on all hands. There is an appetite of the eye, of the ear, and of every sense, for which God has provided the material. Gaiety of every degree, this side of puerile levity, is wholesome to the body, to the mind, and to the morals. Nature is a vast repository of manly enjoyments. The magnitude of God's works is not less admirable than its exhilarating beauty. The rudest forms have something of beauty; the ruggedest strength is graced with some charm; the very pins, and rivets, and clasps of nature, are attractive by qualities of beauty more than is necessary for mere utility. The sun could go down without gorgeous clouds; evening could advance without its evanescent brilliance; trees might have flourished without symmetry; flowers have existed without odour; fruit without flavour. When I have journeyed through forests, where shrubs and vines exist without apparent use; through prairies, whose undulations exhibit sheets of flowers innumerable, and absolutely dazzling the eye with their prodigality of beauty—beauty, not a tithe

of which is ever seen by man. I have said, it is plain that God is himself passionately fond of beauty, and the *earth* is his garden, as an *acre* is man's. God has made us like himself, to be pleased by the universal beauty of the world. He has made provision in nature, in society, and in the family, for amusement and exhilaration enough to fill the heart with the perpetual sunshine of delight.

Upon this broad earth, purfled with flowers, scented with odours, brilliant in colours, vocal with echoing and re-echoing melody, I take my stand against all demoralizing pleasure. Is it not enough that our Father's house is so full of dear delights, that we must wander prodigal to the swineherds for husks, and to the slough for drink? when the trees of God's heritage bend over our head, and solicit our hand to pluck the golden fruitage, must we still go in search of the apples of Sodom—outside fair, and inside ashes?

*H. W. Beecher.*

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DAY AND NIGHT.—When the all-wise Creator commanded that day and night should for twelve hours govern alternately our little globe, it certainly was by this his intention that man, his noble but weak child, should repose in the lap of the night,

that he might be able to work and to enjoy himself amid the light of day. Therefore, let the end of the evening be the end of your day and your pleasures. Let midnight find you quiet, and taking your rest; and closing the day in peace at the right time, sing with the noble and amiable poet Frauenen--

“ After an evening  
By calm joy attended,  
And cordially ended,  
Sleep we so calmly, and waken well pleased.”

*Frederika Bremer.*

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MODERN LEVITY.—I am convinced the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw about all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot be all a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write a Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England: the drollery of Alfred, the fun of Sir Thomas More, the farce of his daughter begging the dead head and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy.

*Douglas Jerrold.*

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THERE is a light, jesting, flippant, unkind mode of talking about things and persons very common in society, exceedingly different from wit, which stifles good conversation and gives a sense of general hostility rather than sociability—as if men came together chiefly for the purpose of ridiculing their neighbours and of talking slightly about matters of great concern. . . . It certainly bespeaks a lamentable want of charity, and shows that those who indulge in it are sadly ignorant of the dignity of social intercourse, and of what a grand thing it might be.

*Arthur Helps.*

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## CHAPTER XIII.

THE FAMILY.—The family is now, more than ever, the first element and the last rampart of society. Whilst, in general society, everything becomes more and more mobile, personal, and transient, it is in domestic life that the demand for permanency, and the feeling of the necessity of sacrificing the present to the future, are indestructible. It is in domestic life that the ideas and the virtues which form a counterpoise to the excessive and ungoverned move-

ment excited in the great centres of civilization, are formed. The tumult of business and pleasure, temptation and strife, which reigns in our great cities, would soon throw the whole of society into a deplorable state of ferment and dissolution, if domestic life, with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property, did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this strong sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life, and under its influences, that private, the basis of public, morality is most securely maintained. There too, and in our days there almost exclusively, the affections of our nature,—friendship, gratitude, and self-devotion,—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish. The time has been when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life; when devoted attachments strengthened political connexions. These times are past never to return. In the vast and complicated and ever-moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of the masses, and the combinations of parties, have the entire possession and direction of public life. The private affections are ties too delicate to exercise any powerful influence over the conflicts of that pitiless field. But it is never with-

out serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general or selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate dispositions—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may expand in freedom; and that, occasionally emerging from that retreat, they may exhibit their presence and their power by some beautiful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social virtues must be nursed in the bosom of domestic life; these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled; it is in the circle of the family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfactions they would seek for else in vain; it is from that circle that, when circumstances demand, they can go forth to adorn and bless society. *Guizot.*

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EARLY INFLUENCES.—The mother and nurse form as much part of our fate as any of the other events which mould our character, guide our course, and lead us to high station, retain us in mediocrity, or plunge us into misfortune. *G. P. R. James.*

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MOTHER AND CHILD.—I will say boldly, my friends, that if one could find out the full meaning of those two words, mother and child, one would be the wisest philosopher on earth, and see deeper than all who have ever yet lived, into the secrets of this world of time which we can see, and of the eternal world, which no man can see, save with the eyes of his reasonable soul. . . . It was only in the Babe of Bethlehem that the *whole* of God's character shone forth, that men might not merely fear him and bow before him, but trust in him and love him, as one who could be touched with the feeling of their infirmities. *Kingsley.*

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FILIAL LOVE.—A tree planted by a parent gone, doth seem to have its roots within its grave : to strike the one, doth almost seem to violate the other.

*Douglas Jerrold.*

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MARRIED MEN.—I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other, people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found a man more loveable, more captivating, than when he is a married man ; that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect in my eyes as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms, wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closes around him and constitutes a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by this position, but he is actually *beautified* by it. I was but a little child when I saw my father, one day, come into the room where my

mother was, and placed before her a gift which gave her great pleasure. She kissed his hand ; and words and glances of tearful affection passed between them. Never shall I forget the feeling of happiness, nay, of bliss, which gushed through my soul as I witnessed this, standing silently in a corner of the room with my doll. It was as if heaven sank down into my heart. . . . It is something of this first, blissful feeling which I experience every time I see the happiness of a good married pair, especially when it is considerably after the honeymoon.

*Frederika Bremer.*

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MY HOME.—I never see that heavily-bound copy of ‘Percy’s Reliques’ without the home of my infancy springing up before my eyes. A large house in a little town of the north of Hampshire,—a town, so small that but for an ancient market, very slenderly attended, nobody would have dreamt of calling it anything but a village. The breakfast-room, where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofas and easy chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large, old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned

flowers, stocks, roses, honeysuckles, and pinks ; and that again led into a grassy orchard, abounding in fruit-trees ; a picturesque country church, with its yews and lindens, on one side ; and beyond, a down as smooth as velvet, dotted with rich islands of coppice, hazel, woodbine, hawthorn, and holly reaching up into the young oaks, and overhanging flowery patches of primroses, wood-sorrel, wild hyacinths, and wild strawberries. On the side opposite the church, in a hollow fringed with alders and bulrushes, gleamed the bright, clear lakelet, radiant with swans and waterlilies, which the simple townsfolk were content to call the Great Pond.

What a playground was that orchard ! and what playfellows were mine ! Nancy, with her trim prettiness ; my own dear Father, handsomest and cheerfullest of men ; and the great Newfoundland dog Coe, who used to lie down at my feet, as if to invite me to mount him, and then to prance off with his burthen, as if he enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Happy, happy days ! It is good to have the memory of such a childhood ! to be able to call up past delight by the mere sight and sound of Chevy Chase or the Battle of Otterbourne.

*Miss Mitford.*

HOME'S DELIGHT.—Let no man have two houses with one set of furniture. Home's deepest delight is undisturbance. Some people think no articles fixtures—not even grates. But sofas and ottomans, and chairs and footstools, and screens—and above all, beds—all are fixtures in the dwelling of a wise man, cognoscitive and sensitive of the blessings of life. Each has its own place assigned to it by the taste, tact, and feeling of the master of the mansion, where order and elegance minister to comfort, and comfort is but a homely word for happiness. In various moods we vary their arrangements—nor is even the easiest of all easy chairs secure for life against being gently pushed on his wheels from chimney-nook to window-corner, when the sunshine may have extinguished the fire, and the blue sky tempts the *Paterfamilias*, or him who is but an uncle, to lie back with half-shut eyes, and gaze upon the cheerful purity, even like a shepherd on the hill. But these little occasional disarrangements serve but to preserve the spirit of permanent arrangement, without which the very virtue of domesticity dies. What sacrilege, therefore, against the Lares and Penates, to turn a whole house topsy-turvy, from garret to cellar, regularly as May flowers deck the



zone of the year! Why, a Turkey or a Persian, or even a Wilton or a Kidderminster carpet is as much the garb of the wooden floor inside, as the grass is of the earthen floor outside of your house. Would you lift and lay down the greensward? But without further illustration—be assured the cases are kindred—and so, too, with sofas and shrubs, tent-beds and trees. Independently, however, of these analogies, not fanciful, but lying deep in the nature of things, the inside of one's tabernacle, in town and country, ought ever to be sacred from all radical revolutionary movements, and to lie for ever in a waking dream of graceful repose. All our affections towards lifeless things become tenderer and deeper in the continuous and unbroken flow of domestic habit. The eye gets lovingly familiarized with each object occupying its own peculiar and appropriate place, and feels in a moment when the most insignificant is missing or removed.

*Professor Wilson.*

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#### ENGLAND'S HOMES.—

Where first the child's glad spirit loves  
Its country and its God!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

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THE great charm of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal, its Gothic tower, its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation, its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil ; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorial right of way—the neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene : all

these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of homebred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation. *Washington Irving.*

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THE NEW HOMES OF ENGLAND.—I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalised minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and

every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or Gipsy, by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

*Ruskin.*

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WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.—If as we are assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly hosts, during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moral firmament. Among these new stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the star of woman's influence! Influential woman is a being of scarcely two centuries; up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But *her* sun is



reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall as surely come as to-morrow's sun shall reach his in our natural heavens. What man will be when she shall smile on him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can found no anticipation from the influence of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human sorrow. There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities, could attest that "neither height nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come," could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether we trace the lineaments of her character in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her risen day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say, in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have best brought out the radiance of her hidden

jewels ; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the fineness of her gold.

*Elihu Burritt.*

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WOMEN.—We have heard and seen it seriously argued whether or not women are equal to men ; as if there could be a moment's doubt in any mind unbesotted by sex, that they are infinitely superior ; not in understanding, thank Heaven ! nor in intellect, but in all other “impulses of soul and sense” that dignify and adorn human beings, and make them worthy of living on this delightful earth.

*Professor Wilson.*

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MEN AND WOMEN.—Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact. Can it be true what is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls ? I doubt it, I doubt it exceedingly.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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FOR men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,  
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.

*Tennyson.*

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MARRIAGE.—What man and what marriage remains the same during a period of fourteen or fifteen years? Ellina's husband was a man of a noble and kind nature, and we maintain it; but he was, for all that, too exclusively a man, and she was too exclusively a woman. His strong character had an outward, practical bias; hers tended inward, was poetical and contemplative. . . . He became more and more like a hard rock; she more and more like the solitary lily within its walls. In addition to this, there was a little subject of difference which led to displeasure and contention between the married pair, and which, often silenced, always recurred afresh; and in this way they became sundered by degrees, without rightly knowing how. But there was something between them—a cloud, an invisible partition-wall, a nameless something, a something they knew not what—which made them increasingly more and more alien to each other. Married couples who have travelled on together a long way through life, tell

me, "Is not this an every-day story? Is it not the history of every nine couples out of ten?" If the relationship between the two continues in this descending direction, married life, in the end, becomes changed, until it somewhat resembles the Dead Sea, upon the shores of which no flower can thrive, no bird can sing, over the surface of which a pestilent vapour hangs, and out of whose depths may at times, in the decreased water, be seen to ascend the dark ruins of a formerly beautiful but cursed city. Silently stands married life, bearing little resemblance to any other life on earth. There goes forward in it a noiseless, incessant change, either for good or for evil, just according as the married pair will it. The occasions may be different in every case, but in almost all, moments or crises occur by which it can be easily seen what hour strikes, what the time betides. In most instances it happens that when the first flames are extinguished, that deeper union is permitted to be dissolved, and the soul allowed to escape; and then it does so,—

"Provided that no heavenly love is near  
To call the soul back with a bridal kiss."

and to wed her afresh to a higher and a holier union.

There is no want of Nicodemus-brains in the world who ask, doubtingly, "How can this be?"



To these we have not much to reply, except that we know that it often happens, and that we know no other cause for it than that upon which rests principally all the good issues of every event—the wheel in the watch of life, the axle upon which revolves the lighthouse of life, the good will in the hearts of the interested parties themselves.

*Frederika Bremer.*

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ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.—In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we

might as well say, "Why all these stars? Why this difference? Why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and requestion their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours,—are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we. . . . The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "Had you listened to me," "But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any

soothing effect. Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

*Arthur Helps.*

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EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Why the disproportion in knowledge between the two sexes should be so great, when the inequality in natural talents is so small, or why the understanding of women should be lavished upon trifles, when nature has made it capable of higher and better things, we profess ourselves not able to understand. The affectation charged upon female knowledge is best cured by making that knowledge more general; and the economy devolved upon women is best secured by the ruin, disgrace, and inconvenience which proceeds from neglecting it. For the care of children, nature has made a direct and powerful provision; and the gentleness and elegance of women is the natural con-

sequence of that desire to please which is productive of the greatest part of civilization and refinement, and which rests upon a foundation too deep to be shaken by any such modifications in education as we propose. If you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying beyond measure the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions which always come from the mother ; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius. Nor is it only in the business of education that women should influence the destiny of men. If women knew more, men must learn more ; for ignorance would then be shameful, and it would become the fashion to be instructed. The instruction of women improves the stock of national talents, and employs more minds for the instruction and amusement of the world ; it increases the pleasures of society, by multiplying the topics upon which the two sexes take a common interest ; and makes marriage an intercourse of understanding as well as of affection, by giving dignity and importance to female character. The education of women favours public morals ; it provides for every season of life, as well as for the brightest and the best ; and leaves a woman when she is stricken by the hand of time, not as she



now is,\* destitute of everything and neglected by all, but with the full power and the splendid attractions of knowledge, diffusing the elegant pleasures of polite literature, and receiving the homage of learned and accomplished men.

*Sydney Smith.*

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## CHAPTER XIV.

CULTURE OF SCIENCE.—Science, regarded as the pursuit of truth, which can only be attained by patient and unprejudiced investigation, wherein nothing is too great to be attempted, nothing so minute as to be justly disregarded, must ever afford occupation of consummate interest and subject of elevated meditation. The contemplation of the works of creation elevates the mind to the admiration of whatever is great and noble, accomplishing the object of all study, which, in the elegant language of Sir J. Mackintosh, is “to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty,” and of that Supreme and Eternal mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contempla-

tion of these transcendant aims, for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

*Mrs. Somerville.*

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OBJECTORS TO SCIENCE.—It is sometimes objected by the ignorant that science is uncertain and changeable; and they point, with a malicious kind of pleasure, to the many exploded theories which have been superseded by others, as a proof that the present knowledge may be also unsound; and that, while they think to cast blame upon Science, they bestow in fact the highest praise upon her.

For that is precisely the difference between science and prejudice: that the latter keeps stubbornly to its position, whether disproved or not; whilst the former is an unarrestable movement towards the fountains of truth, caring little for cherished authorities or sentiments, but continually progressing; feeling no false shame at her shortcomings, but, on the contrary, the highest pleasure when freed from an error, at having advanced another step towards the attainment of Divine truth—a pleasure not even intelligible to the pride of ignorance.

*Prince Albert.*

THE NATURALIST.—Happy, truly, is the naturalist! He has no time for melancholy dreams. The earth becomes to him transparent; everywhere he sees significancies, harmonies, laws, chains of cause and effect endlessly interlinked, which draw him out of the narrow sphere of self-interest and self-pleasing, into a pure and wholesome region of solemn joy and wonder. He goes up some Snowdon valley; to him it is a solemn spot (though unnoticed by his companions), where the stags' horn clubmoss ceases to straggle across the turf, and the tufted Alpine clubmoss takes its place; for he is now in a new world—a region whose climate is eternally influenced by some fresh law (after which he vainly guesses with a sigh at his own ignorance), which renders life impossible to one species, possible to another. And it is a still more solemn thought to him that it was not always so; that æons and ages back, that rock which he passed a thousand feet below was fringed, not as now with fern, and blue-bugle, and white bramble-flowers, but perhaps with the Alp-rose and the “Gemsens-Kraut” of Mont Blanc, at least with Alpine Saxifrages which have now retreated fifteen hundred feet up the mountain-side and with the blue Snow-Gentian and the

Canadian Ledum, which have all vanished out of the British Isles. And what is it which tells him that strange story? Yon smoothed and rounded surface of rock,—polished, remark! across the strata and against the grain,—and furrowed here and there, as if by iron talons, with long parallel scratches. It was the crawling of a glacier which polished that rock-face; the snows fallen from Snowdon peak into the half-liquid lake of ice above, which ploughed those furrows. Æons and æons ago, before the time when Adam first—

“Embraced his Eve in happy hour,  
And every bird of Eden burst  
In carol, every bud in flower,”

those marks were there; the records of the “age of ice;” slight truly,—to be effaced by the next farmer who needs to build a wall; but unmistakeable, boundless in significance, like Crusoe’s one savage footprint on the seashore; and the naturalist acknowledges the finger-mark of God, and wonders, and worships.

*Kingsley.*

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LORD ROSSE’S TELESCOPE.—Lord Rosse may say, even if to-day he should die, “I found God’s universe represented for human convenience, even after all the sublime discoveries of Herschel, upon



a globe or spherical chart having a radius of one hundred and fifty feet; and I left it sketched upon a similar chart, keeping exactly the same scale of proportions, but now elongating its radius into one thousand feet."

Great is the mystery of space, greater is the mystery of time. Either mystery grows upon man, as man himself grows; and either seems to be a function of the Godlike which is in man. In reality, the depths and the heights which are in man—the depths by which he searches, the heights by which he aspires—are but projected and made objective externally in the three dimensions of space which are outside of him. He trembles at the abyss into which his bodily eyes look down; or look up; not knowing that abyss to be, not always consciously suspecting it to be, but by an instinct written in his prophetic heart feeling it to be, boding it to be, fearing it to be, and sometimes hoping it to be, the mirror to a mightier abyss that will one day be expanded in himself. Even as to the sense of space, which is the lesser mystery than time, I know not whether the reader has remarked that it is one which swells upon man with the expansion of his mind, and that it is probably peculiar to the mind of man. An infant of a year old, or oftentimes even older, takes no notice

of a sound, however loud, which is a quarter of a mile removed, or even in a distant chamber; and brutes, even of the most enlarged capacities, seem not to have any commerce with distance: distance is probably not revealed to them, except indirectly. An animal desire, or a deep animal hostility, may render sensible a distance which else would not be sensible; but not render it sensible *as* a distance. If this sounds in the ear of some a doubtful refinement, the doubt applies only to the lowest degrees of space. For the highest, it is certain that brutes have no perception. . . . To man is as much reserved the prerogative of perceiving space in its higher extensions, as of geometrically constructing the relations of space; and the brute is no more capable of apprehending abysses through his eye than he can build upwards or can analyse downwards the aërial synthesis of geometry. Such, therefore, as is space for the grandeur of man's perceptions, such as is space for the benefit of man's towering mathematic speculations, such, *i. e.*, of that nature, is our debt to Lord Rosse, as being the philosopher who has most pushed back the frontiers of our conquests upon this *exclusive* inheritance of man. We have all heard of a king that, sitting on the seashore, bade the waves, as they began to lave his feet, upon their allegiance to retire.

*That* was said not vainly or presumptuously, but in reproof of sycophantic courtiers. Now, however, we see in good earnest another man, wielding another kind of sceptre, and sitting enthroned upon the shores of infinity, that says to the ice which had frozen up our progress, "Melt thou before my breath!" that says to the rebellious *nebulae*, "Submit, and burst into blazing worlds!" that says to the gates of darkness, "Roll back, ye barriers, and no longer hide from us the infinities of God!" *T. de Quincey.*

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TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—The telescope has taught us that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity. By the microscope we have also discovered that no minuteness, however shrunk from human eye, is beneath the condescension of his regard. *Chalmers.*

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THE THRONE OF GOD.—The Scriptures frequently refer to a particular place, circumstance, or manifestation, termed *the throne of God*, as in the following passages:—"Heaven is my *throne*, and the earth is my footstool." "The Lord hath prepared *his throne in the heavens.*" "A *glorious high throne*,

from the beginning, is the place of thy sanctuary.” “Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple.” “Blessing and honour, and glory and power, be unto Him that sits upon the throne.” These and similar expressions and representations must be considered either as merely metaphorical, or as referring to some particular region of the universe, where the Divine glory is reflected, in some peculiarly magnificent manner, from material objects, and where the manifestations of the Divine character are most illustriously displayed. If there be a reference to the splendour and magnitude of a particular portion of creation, there is an astronomical idea which may help us to form some conception of this “glorious high throne” which is the peculiar residence of the Eternal. It is now considered by astronomers as highly probable, if not certain, from late observations, from the nature of gravitation, and other circumstances, that all the systems of the universe revolve round one common centre; and that this centre may bear as great a proportion, in point of magnitude, to the universal assemblage of systems, as the sun does to his surrounding planets; and since our sun is five hundred times larger than the earth and all the other planets and their satellites taken together, on the same scale



such a central body would be five hundred times larger than all the systems and worlds in the universe. Here, then, may be a vast universe of itself, an example of material creation exceeding all the rest in magnitude and splendour, and in which are blended the glories of every other system. If this is in reality the case, it may, with the most emphatic propriety, be termed the *throne of God*.\*     *Dick.*

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ASTRONOMY.—The science of astronomy, in its present stage, does not satisfy the deep yearnings of the immortal spirit. It has led us out of an Egyptian bondage of dark superstitions, but we are still only in the dry and sandy wilderness of scientific abstractions, and have not entered into the goodly land of promise that is to repay the toils of our long journey. The law of attraction has been clearly detected and fully proved, and many of its consequences traced out with a calm and steady thought, and a strictness of reasoning of which there was no previous example in the history of the world. But we cannot suppose that this is the only law which

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\* The earth, and all the other bodies in the solar system, are moving towards the constellation *Hercules*.

prevails in the universe. Already science itself, with all its caution, cannot refrain from conjectures and hopes, and seems to catch glimpses, only half understood at present, of other mysteries that are still to be explored, and which bind distant worlds, planets, and systems in secret union. What is the nature of that electric power, so unspeakably swift, so wonderfully powerful, so inexhaustible in its supplies, so mysterious in its perpetual latency, and so terrible and mighty when a small part of its hidden strength is aroused into full activity? What is that light which glances from the most distant stars, and reveals to science an ether, otherwise undiscoverable, that seems, in its subtlety, to border on two worlds of matter and of mind? What unknown law determines the grouping of those vast immeasurable systems, of which every one includes countless worlds, and yet appears in our telescopes like a misty speck and point amidst the void firmament around it? What are the sweet influences of the Pleiades, of which patriarchs spoke dimly ages ago, and which science has still to explain? Or to descend nearer to our own world, why does the common voice of mankind, no less than the phraseology of Scripture, ascribe to the moonbeams so strange a power over the faculties of the soul, till moonstruck madness has

become a proverb? Surely we may say, after all the discoveries of astronomy, as Joshua said to the victorious Israelites, "There remaineth very much land to be possessed." There are many laws, doubtless, of secret influence which bind distant worlds together. If effluvia, which escape the minutest analysis, can spread a fatal pestilence, or convey the most delicious odours, who can tell what influence the stars of heaven, though their light be so faint compared with the sunbeams, may convey down to the dwellers upon earth? Science dare not endorse the beautiful guesses of poetic fancy; but, conscious of her own remaining ignorance, she will not venture to despise them, lest they should be prophecies of some distant truth. We cannot tell the nature of the stellar influences,—whether the creatures on earth be indeed—

"Made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray:"

—or whether, like the melody of sweet sounds, they may exert a more direct influence on the chords of the soul, and move the secret springs of our being. Of one thing, however, we are sure, after all the discoveries of science,—that we live in a world stored with mysteries, from the stars of the sky down to the meanest insect of earth; and that we ourselves "are

but of yesterday, and know nothing." There are and must be a thousand laws, beside the one which astronomers have discovered, in ceaseless operation among these worlds which God has made, of which fancy may have given some bright prophecies; and perhaps science itself may now be standing on the beach, and ready to launch out into this untried ocean. The undulations of light, the flashes of the lightning, the groups of distant nebulæ, the pervading ether, the strange and mysterious influence of the moonbeams, the magnetic virtue of the solar rays, all seem to teach the same lesson. They bid us wait in suspense until the dim curtain shall be raised, and new harmonies of secret influence, and mysterious powers on the border-land of matter and mind, may dawn upon us in every field of the material universe.

*Birks.*

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SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—He still stands at the head of mathematicians as well as of philosophical discoverers. But it never appeared to him, as it may have appeared to some mathematicians who have employed themselves on his discoveries, that the general law was an ultimate and sufficient principle: that the point to which he had hung his chain of



deduction was the highest point in the universe. Lagrange, a modern mathematician of transcendent genius, was in the habit of saying, in his aspirations after future fame, that Newton was fortunate in having had the system of the world for his problem, since his theory could be discovered once only. But Newton himself appears to have had no such persuasion that the problem he had solved was unique and final; he laboured to reduce gravity to some higher law, and the forces of other physical operations to an analogy with those of gravity, and declared that all these were but steps in our advance towards a First Cause. Between us and this First Cause, the source of the universe and of its laws, we cannot doubt that there intervene many successive steps of possible discovery and generalization, not less wide and striking than the discovery of universal gravitation; but it is still more certain that no extent of success of physical investigation can carry us to any point which is not at an immeasurable distance from an adequate knowledge of Him. *Whewell.*

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SCIENCE NOT THE GREATEST.—Science indeed is great: but she is not the greatest. She is an in-

strument, and not a power; beneficent or deadly, according as she is wielded by the hand of virtue or vice. But her lawful mistress, the only one which can use her aright, the only one under whom she can truly grow, and prosper, and prove her divine descent, is Virtue, the likeness of Almighty God. . . . History gives us many examples, in which superstition, many again in which profligacy, have been the patent cause of a nation's degradation. It does not, as far as I am aware, give us a single case of a nation's thriving and developing when deeply infected with either of those two vices. *Kingsley.*

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TRUTH.—There is a marked likeness between the virtue of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits—the same diminishing gradation in vigour up to the limits of their domains, the same essential separation from their contraries—the same twilight at the meeting of the two: a something wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night, that strange twilight of the virtues; that dusky debateable land, wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes

cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom.

Nevertheless, with the greater number of them, though their dimness increases gradually, we may mark the moment of their sunset ; and, happily, may turn the shadow by the way it has gone down ; but for one, the line of the horizon is irregular and undefined ; and this, too, the very equator and girdle of them all—Truth ; that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually ; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar, that golden and narrow line, which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to restrain the disorders of his best—which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law ! There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimation of wisdom ; but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain. We do not enough

consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offence against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the colour of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy in that the thirst for truth remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it. *Ruskin.*

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“He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.”

LUKE xvi. 10.

THE great principle of the text is, that he who has sinned, though to a small amount in respect of the fruit of his transgression—provided he has done so by passing over a forbidden limit which was distinctly known to him, has, in the act of doing so, incurred a full condemnation in respect of the principle of his transgression. In one word, that the gain of it may be small, while the guilt of it may be great; that the latter ought not to be measured by the former; but that he who is unfaithful in the least, shall be dealt with, in respect of the offence he has given to God, in the same way as if he had been unfaithful in much. The first reason which we would assign in vindication of this is, that, by a small act of injustice, the line which separates the right from the wrong, is just as effectually broken over as by a great act of injustice. There is a tendency in gross and corporeal man to rate the criminality of injustice by the amount of its appropriations—to reduce it to a computation of weight and measure—to count the man who has gained a double sum by his dishonesty, to be doubly more dishonest than his neighbour—to make it an affair of product rather than of

principle; and thus to weigh the morality of a character in the same arithmetical balance with number or with magnitude. Now, this is not the rule of calculation on which our Saviour has proceeded in the text. He speaks to the man who is only half an inch within the limit of forbidden ground, in the very same terms by which he addresses the man who has made the furthest and the largest incursions upon it. It is true, that he is only a little way upon the wrong side of the line of demarcation. But why is he upon it at all? It was in the act of crossing that line, and not in the act of going onwards after he had crossed it—it was then that the contest between right and wrong was entered upon, and then it was decided. The great pull which the man had to make, was in the act of overleaping the fence of separation; and after that was done, justice had no other barrier by which to obstruct his progress over the whole extent of the field which she had interdicted. There might be barriers of a different description. There might be still a revolting of humanity against the sufferings that would be inflicted by an act of larger fraud or depredation. There might be dread of exposure, if the dishonesty should so swell, in point of amount, as to become more noticeable. There might, after

the absolute limit between justice and injustice is broken, be another limit against the extending of a man's encroachments, in a terror of discovery, or in a sense of interest, or even in the relentings of a kindly or a compunctious feeling towards him who is the victim of injustice. Other principles, and other considerations, may restrain his progress to the very heart of the territory, but justice is not one of them.

. . . The second reason, why he who is unfaithful in the least has incurred the condemnation of him who is unfaithful in much, is, that the littleness of the gain, so far from giving a littleness to the guilt, is in fact a circumstance of aggravation. There is just this difference. He who has committed injustice for the sake of a less advantage, has done it on the impulse of a less temptation. He has parted with his honesty at an inferior price; and this circumstance may go so to equalise the estimate, as to bring it very much to one with the deliverance, in the text, of our great Teacher of righteousness. The limitation between good and evil stood as distinctly before the notice of the small as of the great depredator; and he has just made as direct a contravention to the first reason, when he passed over upon the wrong side of it. And he may have made little of gain by the enterprise, but this does not allay the

guilt of it. Nay, by the second reason, this may serve to aggravate the wrath of the Divinity against him. It proves how small the price is which he sets upon his eternity, and how cheaply he can bargain the favour of God away from him, and how low he rates the good of an inheritance with him, and for what a trifle he can dispose of all interest in his kingdom and in his promises. The very circumstance which gives to his transgression a milder character in the eyes of the world, makes it more odious in the judgment of the sanctuary. The more paltry it is in respect of profit, the more profane it may be in respect of principle. It likens him the more to profane Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. And thus it is, indeed, most woful to think of such a senseless and alienated world; and how heedlessly the men of it are posting their infatuated way to destruction; and how, for as little gain as might serve them a day, they are contracting as much guilt as will ruin them for ever; and are profoundly asleep in the midst of such designs and such doings, as will form the valid materials of their entire and everlasting condemnation. . . . There cannot be a stronger possible illustration of our argument, than the very first act of retribution that occurred in the history of our species. “And God



said unto Adam, Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. But the woman took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

What is it that invests the eating of a solitary apple with a grandeur so momentous? How came an action, in itself so minute, to be the germ of such mighty consequences? How are we to understand that our first parents, by the doing of a single instant, not only brought death upon themselves, but shed this big and baleful disaster over all their posterity? We may not be able to answer all these questions, but we may at least learn, what a thing of danger it is, under the government of a holy and inflexible God, to tamper with the limits of obedience. By the eating of that apple a clear requirement was broken, and a distinct transition was made from loyalty to rebellion, and an entrance was effected into the region of sin—and thus did this one act serve like the opening of a gate for a torrent of mighty mischief; and, if the act itself was a trifle, it just went to aggravate its guilt—that, for such a trifle, the authority of God could be despised and trampled on. At all events, his attribute of truth stood committed to the fulfilment of the threatening; and the very

insignificancy of the deed, which provoked the execution of it, gives a sublimer character to the certainty of the fulfilment. We know how much this trait, in the dealings of God with man, has been the jeer of infidelity. But in all this ridicule, there is truly nothing else than the grossness of materialism. Had Adam, instead of plucking one single apple from the forbidden tree, been armed with the power of a malignant spirit, and spread a wanton havoc over the face of Paradise, and spoiled the garden of its loveliness, and been able to mar and to deform the whole of that terrestrial creation over which God had so recently rejoiced—the punishment he sustained would have looked, to these arithmetical moralists, a more adequate return for the offence of which he had been guilty. They cannot see how the moral lesson rises in greatness, just in proportion to the humility of the material accompaniments—and how it wraps a sublimer glory around the holiness of the Godhead—and how from the transaction, such as it is, the conclusion cometh forth more nakedly, and, therefore, more impressively, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to sin against the Lawgiver. God said, “Let there be light, and it was light;” and it has ever been regarded as a sublime token of the Deity, that, from an utterance so simple, an accomplishment so

quick and so magnificent should have followed. God said, "That he who eateth of the tree in the midst of the garden should die." It appears, indeed, but a little thing, that one should put forth his hand to an apple and taste it. But a saying of God was involved in the matter—and heaven and earth must pass away, ere a saying of His can pass away; and so the apple became decisive of the fate of a world; and, out of the very scantiness of the occasion did there emerge a sublimer display of truth and of holiness. The beginning of the world was, indeed, the period of great manifestations of the Godhead; and they all seem to accord, in style and character, with each other; and in that very history, which has called forth the profane and unthinking levity of many a scorner, may we behold as much of the majesty of principle, as, in the creation of light, we behold of the majesty of power. *Chalmers.*

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HYPOCRITICAL EXAMPLE.—The duty of setting a good example is no doubt a most important duty; but the example is good or bad, necessary or unnecessary, according as the action may be, which has a chance of being imitated. I once knew a small,

but (in outward circumstances at least) respectable congregation, four-fifths of whom professed that they went to church *entirely* for the example's sake; in other words to cheat each other and act a common lie! These *rational* Christians had not considered, that example may increase the good or evil of an action, but can never constitute either. If it was a *foolish thing* to kneel when they were not inwardly praying, or to listen to a discourse of which they believed little and cared nothing, they were setting a foolish *example*. Persons in their *respectable* circumstances do not think it necessary to clean shoes, that by their example they may encourage the shoeblack in continuing *his* occupation: and Christianity does not think so meanly of herself as to fear that the poor and afflicted will be a whit less pious, though they should see reason to believe that those, who possessed the good things of the present life, were determined to leave all the blessings of the future for their more humble inferiors. If I have spoken with bitterness, let it be recollected that my subject is hypocrisy.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.—“Thou art the man.” “*Thou* shalt not kill.” “*Thou* shalt not



steal." "*Thou* shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, mind, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself." All the revelations of the Divine will—all the commands, motives, and monitions, which God has given to men, are addressed to the individual. The soul of every human being is an everlasting, immiscible individuality. No association, or combination, or fusion can take away one attribute of that individuality, or transfer the merit or guilt of its actions and emotions to another. "Corporations have no souls," is a popular proverb of undisputed truism. But there is a truth involved in this axiom of more serious import and extensive application than the expression usually intended to convey. A family has no soul, nor any association of men, however great or small. A nation has no soul. God breathed into the individual man alone that vital faculty of immortality. Families, communities, and nations, are the temporary arrangements of this passing existence. They will have no place in another world. There all the human beings that have peopled this earth will see themselves as they are seen now—as individuals. No moral responsibilities for which requisition shall be made by Infinite Justice, will attach to such nonentities as nations, communities, or families. . . . God has opened no debt and

credit account with nations to be settled on that solemn day. When the "books are opened," the names of individuals will alone be called. No human government, or dynasty, or community, will be cited to appear in that court, either as criminal or witness.

*Elihu Burritt.*

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PROMISES.—If we break a solemn resolution, a solemn promise, what hope can we have of any steadiness or vigour in our future moral course? How can we retain the moral hopes and aspirations which are to carry us forwards? The growth of the principle of truth is arrested: the principle itself seems to be eradicated. The interruption and reverse in our moral progress is marked and glaring, and hence the offence is grievous. The violation of a solemn promise is a moral offence of the highest kind.

*Whewell.*

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ANDREW FLETCHER.—It was said of Andrew Fletcher, "that he would lose his life to *serve* his country, but would not do a base thing to *save* it."

*Sir James Mackintosh.*

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PRINCIPLE OF HONOUR.—The principle of honour, which is acknowledged by all men who pretend to character, is only another name for what we call a regard to duty, to rectitude, to propriety of conduct. It is a moral obligation which obliges a man to do certain things because they are right, and not to do other things because they are wrong. Ask the man of honour why he thinks himself obliged to pay a debt of honour? The very question shocks him. To suppose that he needs any other inducement to do it but the principle of honour, is to suppose that he has no honour, no worth, and deserves no esteem.

There is, therefore, a principle in man, which, when he acts according to it, gives him a consciousness of worth, and, when he acts contrary to it, a sense of demerit. All the ancient sects, except the Epicureans, distinguished the *honestum* from the *utile*, as we distinguish what is a man's duty from what is his interest.

*Reid.*

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THE LIAR.—The common habitual liar is mulcted in disbelief from others; in secret disgust (producing resentment) of those with whom he converses; in a character for silliness, for conceit, or for

dishonesty (from each of which it often arises, and often from all three combined), and if persevered in for any length of time, in loss of resources (if poor), loss of friends under any circumstances, perhaps in crime, perhaps in the exchange of a self-importance which was always secretly laughed at, for a consciousness of being foolish and despised. O simpleton! begin this instant with picking your way back into truth and wisdom.

*Leigh Hunt.*

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LYING.—The essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or by silence, instead of utterance; and, finally, according to Tenyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies."

*Ruskin.*

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A TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The true gentleman has a keen sense of honour, scrupulously avoiding mean



actions. His standard of probity in word and action is high. He does not shuffle nor prevaricate, dodge nor skulk; but is honest, upright, and straightforward. His law is rectitude—action in right lines.

*Smiles.*

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## CHAPTER XV.

IMPRESSION OF OUR WORDS AND ACTIONS ON THE GLOBE WE INHABIT.—The principle of the equality of action and reaction, when traced through all its consequences, opens views which will appear to many persons most unexpected. The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they gave rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere are communicated to constantly increasing numbers, but the quantity of motion measured in the same direction receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as

it gives, and regains again from others portions of those motions which they in turn give up. The waves of air thus raised, perambulate the earth and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence. But these aërial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and, in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought, their courses are traced and their intensities are measured. If man enjoyed a larger command over mathematical analysis, his knowledge of these motions would be more extensive; but a being possessed of the unbounded knowledge of that science, would trace even the minutest consequences of that primary impulse. Such a being, however far exalted above our race, would yet be immeasurably below even our conception of infinite intelligence; yet by him, supposing the original conditions of each atom of the atmosphere, as well as all the extraneous causes acting upon it to be given, its

future and inevitable path would be clearly traced ; and supposing the interference also of no new causes, the circumstances of the future history of the whole of the earth's atmosphere would be distinctly seen, and might be absolutely predicted for any even the remotest point of time. . . . Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe ! Every atom impressed with good and with ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are for ever written all that man has ever said or even whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest, as well as the latest sighs of mortality, stand for ever recorded, vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will. The waves of air, although in many instances sensible to the organs of hearing, are only rendered visible to the eye by peculiar contrivances ; whilst those of water offer to the sense of sight the most beautiful illustration of the transmission of motion. Every one who has thrown a pebble into the still waters of a sheltered pool, has seen the circles it has raised gradually ex-

panding in size, and as uniformly diminishing in distinctness. He may have also noticed the perfect distinctness with which two, three, or more series of waves each pursues its own unimpeded course, when diverging from two, three, or more centres of disturbance. He may have observed, that in such cases the particles of water where the waves intersect each other, partake of the movements due to each series.

. . . The track of every canoe, of every vessel which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains for ever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which it left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters; but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element, and these again, once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession. The solid substance of the globe itself, whether we regard the minutest movement of the soft clay which receives its impression from the foot of animals, or the concussion produced from falling mountains rent by earthquakes, equally retains and communicates, through all its countless atoms, their apportioned shares of the motions so impressed. If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer—the



indelible and visible mark of his guilt,—he has also established laws by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its severed particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort, by which the crime itself was perpetrated.

*Babbage.*

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NO FORGETTING.—I am myself strongly disposed to think that every person who has meditated upon the operations of his own mind, has occasionally, and suddenly, been startled with a notion that his mind possesses qualities and attributes of which he has *nowhere* seen any account. I do not know how to express it, but I have several times had a transient consciousness of mere ordinary incidents then occurring, having somehow or other happened before, accompanied by a vanishing idea of being able even to predict the sequence. I once mentioned this to a man of powerful intellect, and he said, “So have I.” Again, it may be that there is more of truth than one suspects in the assertion which I met with in a work of Mr. De Quincey’s, that *forgetting*—

absolute forgetting—is a thing not possible to the human mind. Some evidence of this may be derived from the fact of long-missed incidents and states of feeling suddenly being reproduced, and without any perceptible train of association. *Samuel Warren.*

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MATHEMATICS AN EMBLEM.—The simplicity and certainty of mathematical science, seen in its true light, is only an emblem of the deeper certainty of moral and spiritual truth. The laws of space and time, which sustain and control the planetary motions, are not more sure and absolute than those laws of obligation, gratitude, and reverence, which bind the unfallen creature to the throne of God. The profound research of modern analysis, which claims the certainty of demonstration, and still loses itself in the infinite, reveals dimly those spiritual truths of human responsibility and the need of Divine grace, which are equally certain, and yet equally lose themselves in a mystery we cannot fully explore.

The authority of moral truth, it may be allowed, does not appear to common eyes to equal the force of mathematical demonstration; but this is merely an illusion, arising from the mist of sin which has

covered the soul of man. Ask the untutored savage about almost any proposition in Euclid, and still more about the higher discoveries of a Newton or Laplace, whether they appear to him certainly true, and he will not even understand their meaning; but let him be trained slowly to close and calm thought, and seize clearly the ideas of space on which they depend, and he will own them to be certain, and perhaps in due time add fresh discoveries. And can we wonder that sinful mortals, who are accustomed to do evil, should not discern at the first glance the sure foundations of moral truth, or the unchanging force of the laws of holiness? But let their senses be exercised to discern good and evil, and conscience do its work in deepening that first lesson of the sinfulness of sin: and moral truth, in such a mind, will rival and surpass theorems of geometry, in the assured certainty of its revelations, which speak with an equal power to the reason and the heart. The still, calm ocean of pure science which encompasses the world of nature, and sustains it by secret and unchangeable laws, is a mirror which reflects a firmament of higher truths, equally vast and far more glorious, which encompass the world of spirit and intelligence, and include within their lofty arch the whole range of God's providence.

*Birks.*

## CHAPTER XVI.

THRESHOLD OF RELIGION.—It must, I think, be evident that morals are independent of religion ; that the distinction between moral good and evil, that the obligation to refrain from evil and to do good, are laws innate in the human mind, the same as the laws of logic : their principles originate in himself, and their application is found in his actual life. But if we admit these facts, if we recognise the independent nature of morals, a question still arises :—From whence do morals originate ? Whence do they lead ? Is this self-existing obligation to do good an isolated fact, without an author, without an end ? Does it not conceal, or rather does it not reveal to man, an origin, a destiny beyond this world ? The science of morals, by these spontaneous and inevitable questions, conducts man to the threshold of religion, and displays to him a sphere from whence he has not derived it.

*Guizot.*

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THE FUTURE.—The first idea of every religion on earth, which has arisen out of what may be termed the spiritual instincts of man's nature, is that of a



future state; the second idea is, that in this state men shall exist in two separate classes—the one in advance of their present civilization, the other far in the rear of it. It is on these two great beliefs that conscience everywhere finds the fulcrum from which it acts upon the conduct; and it is, we find, wholly inoperative as a force without them. And in that one religion among men, that instead of retiring, like the pale ghosts of the others, before the light of civilization, brightens and expands in its beams, and in favour of whose claim as a revelation from God the highest philosophy has declared, we find these two master ideas occupying a still more prominent place than in any of those merely indigenous religions that spring up in the human mind of themselves. . . .

There is not in all revelation a single doctrine which we find oftener or more clearly enforced than that there shall continue to exist throughout the endless cycles of the future, a race of degraded men and of degraded angels.

*Hugh Miller.*

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LIFE.—As the metaphysician is unable to tell us what constitutes the mind, so it is with the physiologist with reference to life. His most rigorous analyses have totally failed to detect what is the precise nature of that mysterious force, if one may

use the word, which we designate by the word "Life!" He sees its infinitely varied modes of existence and action; but *what it is* that so exists and acts is now as completely hidden from the highly-trained eye of the modern physiologist as it was from the keen and eager eye of Aristotle. . . . And as man has hitherto been baffled in all his attempts to discover the nature of life, so has it been with him in respect of death. The awful question of the Almighty himself to Job remains unanswered:—  
*"Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"*

*Samuel Warren.*

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THE GOAL OF MAN.—Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

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WHAT IS THIS WORLD?—What is this world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step is an awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. The grave the last sleep? No; it is the last and final awakening.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

## IMMORTALITY.—

Yes! I then shall know,  
That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,  
Their long still work of preparation wrought,  
For that more perfect sense of God revealed below.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

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THE BIBLE.—Every man who marks the adaptation of the mighty system of Bible doctrine to his own spiritual need as a sinner in the sight of God, is furnished with practical proof of the Divine origin of our religion. I love this evidence. It is what I call the portable evidence of Christianity. . . . The historical evidences of Christianity are abundantly sufficient to satisfy the scrutinizing researches of the learned, and are within the reach of all well-educated persons. . . . While we cannot but lament the deadly mischief which the second-rate philosophy of infidels has done to the inferior spirits of our world, we feel it an expressive rebuke on their haughty pretensions, that all the giants and the men of might in other days—the Newtons and the Boyles, and the Lockes and the Bacons of high England—have worshipped so profoundly at the shrine of the Bible.

*Chalmers.*

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EXISTENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.—The existence of Christianity is a great historical fact. How did it begin, and by what power did it win its place in the history of mankind? If we believe it true, we are at no loss for an answer to these questions. If we believe it false, we give up the best principles of historical evidence and moral truth; and we are baffled in our attempt to find any intelligible reply in which our minds can rest content.

*Professor Sedgwick.*

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INSPIRATION.—The Bible, in its disclosures, history, and position, is as unaccountable without the admission of special inspiration, as the world and the fulness thereof without the creating and upholding hand of God.

*Pearson.*

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SCEPTICAL DISPUTANTS.—Bayle has the candour to acknowledge that nothing is so easy as to dispute after the manner of sceptics; and to this proposition every man of reflection will find himself more and more disposed to assent as he advances in life. It is experience alone that can convince us how much



more difficult it is to make any real progress in the search after truth, than to acquire a talent for plausible disputation.

*Dugald Stewart.*

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SCEPTICISM.—A presumptuous scepticism, which rejects facts without examination of their truth, is in some respects even more injurious than an unquestioning credulity. It is the tendency of both to impede accurate investigation.

*Humboldt.*

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THE Grecian philosophy received its mortal wound in the contests between scepticism and dogmatism which occupied the schools in the days of Cicero. The sceptics could only perplex, and confute, and destroy. Their occupation was gone as soon as they succeeded. They had nothing to substitute for what they overthrew, and they rendered their own art of no farther use. They were no more than venomous animals who stung their victims to death, but also breathed their last in the wound.

*Sir James Mackintosh.*

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INFIDELITY.—This everlasting twaddle of Infidelity about fixed natural laws is simple foolishness. I should like to know, now, if man even has not as much power over natural laws, whenever they touch him, as natural laws have over him. True, God says to man, in one place, "Obey;" but in other places He says, "Command." Natural laws are God's horses, and He says to man, "Vault;" and he who can ride them is their master. By working them according to their nature, we can make them to do a million things that they could never do without us. By obeying, we command. I can make the lightning my amanuensis and my messenger; I can make the sun himself my artist; but when did ever the unassisted sun paint a picture? *H. W. Beecher.*

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NATURE'S LAWS.—Is there not in nature a perpetual competition of law against law, force against force, producing the most endless and unexpected variety of results? Cannot each law be interfered with at any moment by some other law, so that the first law, though it may struggle for the mastery, shall be for an indefinite time utterly defeated?

The law of gravity is immutable enough ; but do all stones inevitably fall to the ground ? Certainly not, if I choose to catch one, and keep it in my hand. It remains there by laws ; and the law of gravity is there, too, making it feel heavy in my hand ; but it has not fallen to the ground, and will not, till I let it. So much for the inevitable action of the laws of gravity and others. Potentially, it is immutable ; but actually, it can be conquered by other laws.

*Kingsley.*

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VICARIOUS SUFFERING.—Natural law, all through time and round the world, conveys hints and germs of heaven, of hell, of vicarious suffering, and of remedial mercy. It conveys these four things—disobey and suffer, obey and enjoy—which are the rude seed-forms of those higher truths—purity and heaven, impurity and hell. Throughout the world we see illustrations of the fact that one man can suffer for another. In the mother's suffering, and in the father's watch and care, the child grows out of impurity and rudeness into purity and gentleness. Vicarious suffering is a law of the household and of society. It is one of the eternal truths of God's nature. Remedial mercy is also a truth which nature

hints. In the natural world, within certain bounds, a man's wrong-doing may be repaired, if he turn from his transgressions and repent. There is provision for every bone to knit together again when fractured; for every muscle to heal when lacerated; and for every nerve, when shattered and diseased, to return again to sanity and health. Thus in nature we see prefigured the great scheme of redemption. Purity gives heaven; impurity eternal wail and woe. But there is vicarious suffering to bring men from one to the other. If, through Christ, there be repentance and turning from evil, there is health and restoration. And these things are as really indicated in nature, when we know how to see them there, as they are in the New Testament; but in nature they are as twilight, while in the Gospel they glow with noonday brightness.

*H. W. Beecher.*

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ATHEISM, PANTHEISM, AND MATERIALISM.—Atheism brutalizes our manhood. Pantheism is but Atheism tricked out in the semblance of religion. It is in the natural world what rank idolatry is in the religious—a worshipping of stocks and stones. It does indeed acknowledge a sentiment of religion,



and gives it a verbal homage; but it degrades the object of religion, and thereby degrades our manhood. For the true nobility of man is that he can rise in thought above the phenomena of the universe to the conception of law and order; and higher still to the conception of a personal intelligent Power, the Ordainer of all law and order—that he knows himself to be the offspring of that Power, and therefore the child of God, with all the hopes and duties that arise out of such an exalted parentage. . . .

To analyse and separate our ideas is one of the indications of an advanced knowledge. To confound things essentially separated is a mark of uninstructed ignorance, of stupid indifference, or of audacious folly. Atheism, Pantheism, and rank Materialism, all labour under the same radical principle of falsehood. They pretend to build upon knowledge; but the knowledge on which they pretend to build never could have risen into substantial form without the existence of a *principle of causality*, which they virtually deny; and we may assume it as an axiom that such a form of reasoning can end in nothing but falsehood and incongruity. Pantheism (which is Atheism clothed with a decent covering) and rank Materialism, its twin sister, invert the whole order of that intellectual nature by which we reach the

comprehension of general truth. They give us a pretended lever, but without a fulcrum—a building without a foundation—an effect without a cause. The mind of man will not and cannot be content thus to dangle in mid-air; but we find our resting-place and refuge in our belief in the power and providence of an intelligent God and Creator of all nature.

*Professor Sedgwick.*

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GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES.—The time is now arrived when geological discoveries appear to be so far from disclosing any phenomena that are not in harmony with the arguments supplied by other branches of physical science, in proof of the existence and agency of one and the same all-wise and all-powerful Creator, that they add to the evidences of natural religion links of high importance that have confessedly been wanting, and are now filled up by facts which the investigation of the structure of the earth has brought to light.

*Professor Buckland.*

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SCEPTICISM AND GEOLOGY.—Had Hume been told of the successive forms of animal life discovered by geologists, he ought, on his own principles, to have disbelieved the story, because it contradicts the supposed constancy in the laws of nature, and is therefore contrary to experience. But in this example (derived from geology) we are absolutely certain that his principles would have led him wrong. Let us next suppose him, by the evidence of his senses, or by any other kind of teaching, to have learnt the great palæontological facts discovered by geologists. What would then have been his conclusion? It is perhaps no easy matter to tell what would have been the conclusions of one who seemed to revel in doubt as if it were his natural element, and who went so far as to doubt his own existence; but judging from his moral condition, and his apparent unwillingness or want of capacity to grasp the idea of a First Cause, he would probably have adopted, with the reserve of doubt, some theory of transmutation. But in doing this he would have utterly destroyed the foundation of his own argument against miracles; for the passage of a fish into a crocodile, of a whale into an elephant, or of a baboon into a man, is perfectly contrary to vulgar

experience (and therefore, in Hume's sense, as perfectly miraculous) as the act of making a deaf man hear, a blind man see, or giving back life to a body that is dead.

*Professor Sedgwick.*

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SCRIPTURE TEACHING.—The great ideas of the Bible protect themselves. The heavenly truths, by their own imperishableness, defeat the mortality of languages with which for a moment they are associated. Is the lightning dimmed, or emasculated, because for thousands of years it has blended with the tarnish of earth and the steams of earthly graves? Or light, which so long has travelled in the chambers of our sickly air, and searched the haunts of impurity—is that less pure than it was in the first chapter of Genesis? . . . All Scriptural truths reverberate and diffuse themselves along the pages of the Bible; none is confined to one text, or to one mode of enunciation; all parts of the scheme are eternally chasing each other, like the parts of a fugue; they hide themselves in one chapter, only to restore themselves in another; they diverge, only to recombine; and under such a vast variety of expressions, that even in that way, supposing language to have powers over religious truth—which it never had



or can have—any abuse of such a power would be thoroughly neutralised. The case resembles the diffusion of vegetable seeds through the air and through the waters; draw a *cordon sanitaire* against dandelion or thistledown, and see if the armies of earth would suffice to interrupt this process of radiation, which yet is the distribution of weeds. Suppose, for instance, the text about the *three heavenly witnesses* to have been eliminated finally as an interpolation. The first thought is—*there* goes to wreck a great doctrine! Not at all. That text occupied but a corner of the garden. The truth, and the secret implications of the truth, have escaped at a thousand points in vast arches above our heads, rising high above the garden-wall, and have sown the earth with memorials of the mystery which they envelope.

The final inference is this—that Scriptural truth is endowed with a self-conservative and a self-restorative virtue; it needs no long successions of verbal protection by inspiration; it is self-protected: first, internally, by the complex power which belongs to the Christian *system* of involving its own integrations, in the same way as a musical chord involves its own successions of sound, and its own technical *resolutions*; secondly, in an external and obvious way, it is protected by its prodigious iteration and secret

*presupposal* in all varieties of form. Consequently, as the peril connected with language is thus effectually neutralised, the call for any verbal inspiration (which, on separate grounds, appears to be self-confounding) shows itself now, in a *second* form, to be a gratuitous and superfluous delusion, since, in effect, it is a call for protection against a danger which cannot have any existence. . . . It is no business of the Bible, we are told, to teach science. Certainly not; but that is far too little. It is an obligation resting upon the Bible, if it is to be consistent with itself, that it should *refuse* to teach science; and if the Bible ever *had* taught any one art, science, or process of life, capital doubts would have clouded our confidence in the authority of the book. By what caprice, it would have been asked, is a divine mission abandoned suddenly for a human mission? By what caprice is this one science taught, and others not? Or these two, suppose, and not all? But an objection even deadlier would have followed. It is as clear as the purpose of daylight, that the whole body of the arts and sciences composes one vast machinery for irritation and development of the human intellect. For this end they exist. To see God, therefore, descending into the arena of science, and contending, as it were, for his own prizes, by teaching science in

the Bible, would be to see him intercepting from their self-evident destination (viz., man's intellectual benefit) his own problems by solving them himself. No spectacle could more dishonour the divine idea—could more injure man under the mask of aiding him. *The Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself.* *T. De Quincey.*

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GEOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE.—I ask whether the Mosaic account of creation could be rendered more essentially true than we actually find it, to the history of creation geologically ascertained. If, taking the Mosaic days as equivalent to lengthened periods, we hold that, in giving their brief history, the inspired writer seized on but those salient points that, like the two great lights of the day and night, would have arrested most powerfully, during these periods, a human eye, we shall find the harmony of the two records complete. And it is surely worthy of remark, that while in both the sacred and geologic records a strongly-defined line separates between the period of plants and the succeeding period of reptiles, and again between the period of reptiles and the succeeding period of mammals, no line in either record separates between this period of mammals and the

human period. Man came into being as the last-born of creation, just ere the close of that sixth day—the third and terminal period of organic creation—to which the great mammals belong. . . . It has been urged, however, that this scheme of periods is irreconcilable with that Divine “reason” for the institution of the Sabbath which He who appointed the day of old has, in His goodness, vouchsafed to man. I have failed to see any force in the objection. God the Creator, who wrought during six periods, rested during the seventh period; and as we have no evidence whatever that He recommenced His work of creation,—as, on the contrary, man seems to be the last formed of creatures—God may be resting still. The presumption is strong that his Sabbath is an extended period, not a natural day, and that the work of Redemption is his Sabbath’s work. The Divine periods may have been very great, the human periods very small; just as a vast continent or the huge earth itself is very great, and a map or globe, notwithstanding the smallness of its size, a faithful copy. Were man’s Sabbaths to be kept as enjoined, and in the Divine proportions, it would scarcely interfere with the logic of the “reason annexed to the fourth commandment,” though in this matter, as in all others in which man can be an imitator of God,



the imitation should be a miniature one. What, I ask, viewed as a whole, is the prominent characteristic of geologic history, or of that corresponding history of creation which forms the grandly-fashioned vestibule of the sacred volume? Of both alike the leading characteristic is progress. In both alike do we find an upward progress from dead matter to the humbler forms of vitality, and from thence to the higher. And after great cattle and beasts of the earth had, in due order, succeeded inanimate plants, sea-monsters, and moving creatures that had life, the moral agent, man, enters upon the scene. Previous to his appearance on earth, each succeeding elevation in the long upward march had been a result of creation. . . . But has the course of progress come, in consequence, to a close? No. God's work of elevating, raising, heightening—of making the high in due progression succeed the low—still goes on. But man's responsibility, his immortality, his God-implanted instincts respecting an eternal future, forbid that that work of elevation and progress should be, as in all the other instances, a work of creation. To create would be to supersede. God's work of elevation *now* is the work of fitting and preparing peccable, imperfect man for a perfect, impeccable, future state. God's seventh day's work

is the work of redemption. And, read in this light, his reason vouchsafed to man for the institution of the Sabbath is found to yield a meaning of peculiar breadth and emphasis. God, it seems to say, rests on *His* Sabbath from his creative labours, in order that by His Sabbath-day's work He may save and elevate you. Rest ye also on your Sabbaths, that through your co-operation with Him in this great work ye may be elevated and saved.

*Hugh Miller.*

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THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.—Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it was intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only ; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in general to be the true one. . . . Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all ; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son,

taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend : a being to be walked with and reasoned with ; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labour ; and, finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory,—we hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises—God takes us at our word ; He rises into His own invisible and inconceivable Majesty ; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts which are not our thoughts ; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, “There is no God.”

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*Ruskin.*

BOOKS OF MOSES.—One striking proof of the genuineness of the Mosaic books is this,—they contain precise prohibitions—by way of predicting the consequences of disobedience—of all those things which David and Solomon actually did, and gloried in doing,—raising cavalry, making a treaty with Egypt, laying up treasure, and polygamising. Now, would such prohibitions have been fabricated in those kings' reigns, or afterwards? Impossible! The manner of the predictions of Moses is very remarkable. He is like a man standing on an eminence, and addressing people below him, and pointing to things which he can, and they cannot, see. He does not say, You will act in such and such a way, and the consequences will be so and so; but, So and so will take place, *because* you will act in such a way! *S. T. Coleridge.*

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PENTECOSTAL GIFT.—I remember being much struck, several years ago, by a remark dropped in conversation by the late Rev. Mr. Stewart of Cromarty, one of the most original-minded men I ever knew. "In reading in my Greek New Testament this morning," he said, "I was curiously impressed by a thought which, simple as it may seem, never occurred to me before. The portion which I perused



was in the First Epistle of Peter; and as I passed from the thinking of the passage to the language in which it is expressed, 'This Greek of the untaught Galilean fisherman,' I said, 'so admired by scholars and critics for its unaffected dignity and force, was not acquired, as that of Paul may have been, in the ordinary way, but formed a portion of the Pentecostal gift! Here, then, immediately under my eye, on these pages, are there embodied, not, as in many other parts of the Scriptures, the mere *details* of a miracle, but the direct *results* of a miracle. How strange! Had the old tables of stone been placed before me, with what an awe-struck feeling would I have looked on the characters traced upon them by God's own figures! How is it that I have failed to remember that, in the language of these Epistles, miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the mind, I possessed as significant and suggestive a relic as that which the inscription miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the stone could possibly have furnished?"

*Hugh Miller.*

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## CHAPTER XVII.

MIRACLES.—In the case of Christianity, we cannot escape miracles whichever way we turn ; and the only question is, whether we will admit miracles wrought by a sufficient cause, and for a sufficient reason, or miracles wrought *by* nothing at all, and for nothing at all. Whosoever, for example, rejects as incredible the notion of there having been direct communication between God and man at any time, because we have no sensible proof of any such communication taking place now, must believe that man at first civilized himself. Now everything that we know of the laws of human mind leads us to judge that such a thing as this is impossible ; and all experience tends to prove that such a thing has never happened ; nor can a single instance be alleged—without manifestly begging the question—of any nation that ever of itself made the first steps from a savage to a civilized state. Again, whoever rejects as incredible the notion that Christianity first made its way by the evidence of miracles, must believe that Christ and His Apostles did, without any super-human powers, what we have the best reason for thinking no man without such powers could do, and

what certainly without such powers no other men in like circumstances have ever done. Ask any one whom you meet, Christian, Deist, or Atheist, *who* was the most remarkable person that ever lived, and who effected the greatest revolution that ever was effected in the religion of mankind? and, if not totally ignorant of history, he must at once answer, Jesus of Nazareth. And the next inquiry is, How came he to be such? and how did a Jewish peasant overthrow the religion of the world, and establish His faith over the civilized nations, when no one else ever succeeded in such an attempt? The miraculous occurrences recorded in the Bible are indeed extraordinary, and wonderful, and, in themselves, improbable; but all of them put together are as nothing in point of strangeness compared with the only alternative, with what must be believed by any one who should thereupon resolve to *reject* those miraculous narratives. That a handful of Jewish peasants and fishermen should undertake to abolish the religions of the whole civilized world, and introduce a new one, in defiance of all the prejudices, and all the power of this world arrayed against them;—that they should think to effect this by pretending to miraculous powers which they did not, and knew they did not, possess; and that they should *succeed*

in the attempt,—all this is surely many times more incredible than anything and everything recorded in our Scriptures. And no one should make a boast of his “*incredulity*” in disbelieving something that is very strange, while he is believing—as the only alternative—something incomparably *more* strange. But many persons are apt to forget—though it is self-evident on a moment’s reflection—that disbelieving is believing; since to disbelieve any assertion is to believe its contradictory; and whoever does this on slight grounds, is both credulous and incredulous; these being, in fact, one and the same habit of mind.

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*Whately.*

THE miracle must witness for itself, and the doctrine must witness for itself, and then, and then only, the first is capable of witnessing the second.\*

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*Trench.*

THE EXPERIENCE ARGUMENT.—It is experience, and experience only, that determines what is or is not law; and it is law, and law only, that constitutes the subject-matter of ordinary experience. Experience, in determining what is really a miracle, does so

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\* The miracles, as well as the doctrines of Christ, had *goodness* for their highest end and aim.



simply through its positive knowledge of law: by knowing law, it knows also what would be a violation of it. And so miracle cannot possibly form the subject-matter of experience in the sense of Hume; for did miracle constitute the subject-matter of experience, the law of which the miracle was a violation *could not*. Most emphatically, in this case, were there “no law” there could be “no transgression;” and so experience would be unable to recognise, not only the existence of the law transgressed, but also of the miracle, in its character as such, which was a transgression of the law. . . .

While the experience argument is thus of no value when directed against well-attested miracle, it is, as I have said, all-potent when directed against presumed law. Of law we know nothing, I repeat, except what experience tells us. A miracle contrary to experience, in the sense of Hume, is simply a miracle. A presumed law, contrary to experience, is no law at all; for it is from experience, and experience only, that we know anything of natural law.

*Hugh Miller.*

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EXPERIENCE.—Experience must always consist of a limited number of observations; and however numerous these may be, they can show nothing, with

regard to the infinite number of cases, in which the experiment has not been made. Experience, being thus unable to prove a fact to be universal, is, as will be readily seen, still more incapable of proving a truth to be necessary. Experience cannot, indeed, offer the smallest ground for the necessity of a proposition. She can observe and record what has happened; but she cannot find in any case, or in any accumulation of cases, any reason for what *must* happen. She may see objects side by side; but she cannot see a reason why they must ever be side by side. She finds certain events to occur in succession; but the succession implies, in its occurrence, no reason for its recurrence. She contemplates external objects; but she cannot detect any internal bond which indissolubly connects the future with the past, the possible with the real. *Whewell.*

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DOUBTS AS TO THE EXISTENCE OF NAPOLEON.—What, for instance, would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school, have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such a passage as this:—"There was a certain man of Corsica, whose name was Napoleon, and he was one of the chief captains of the host of the French; and

he gathered together an army, and went and fought against Egypt: but when the king of Britain heard thereof, he sent ships of war and valiant men to fight against the French in Egypt. So they warred against them, and prevailed, and strengthened the hands of the rulers of the land against the French, and drove away Napoleon from before the city of Acre. Then Napoleon left the captains and the army that were in Egypt, and fled, and returned back to France. So the French people took Napoleon, and made him ruler over them; and he became exceeding great, insomuch that there was none like him of all that had ruled over France before."

What, I say, would Hume have thought of this, especially if he had been told that it was at this day generally credited? Would he not have confessed that he had been mistaken in supposing there was a peculiarly blind credulity and prejudice in favour of everything that is accounted *sacred*; for that, since even professed sceptics swallow implicitly such a story as this, it appears there must be a still blinder prejudice in favour of everything that is *not* accounted sacred. Suppose, again, we found in this history such passages as the following:—"And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another

host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies ; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges ; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter. . . . .

“ Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more ? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counsellors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings ; do even as they say unto thee ; knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed ? But he spake roughly unto his counsellors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all



the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris, went out and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said: Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counsellors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France. . . . .

“And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son. But they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba. . . .

“In those days the Pope returned unto his own land. Now the French, and divers other nations of

Europe, are servants of the Pope, and hold him in reverence ; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederates against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the Pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken ; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions ; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past. . . . .

“And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and six hundred men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gathered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia ; and Napoleon ruled over France.” . . . . .

Now, if a free-thinking philosopher—one of those

who advocate the cause of unbiassed reason, and despise pretended revelations—were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible, then, of the civilized Europeans now, which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews three thousand years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that “there is nothing *supernatural* in all this”? Why is it, then, that you reject what is *supernatural*—that you reject every account of *miracles*—if not *because* they are *improbable*? Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable, is not to be implicitly received merely on the ground that it is not miraculous, though in fact, shown from Hume’s authority, it really *is* miraculous.\* The opposition to experience has been proved to be complete in this case, as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present

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\* Hume’s eighth essay is throughout an argument for the doctrine of philosophical “necessity,” drawn entirely from the general uniformity observable in the course of nature with respect to the principles of *human conduct* as well as those of the material universe; from which uniformity, he observes, it is that we are enabled, *in both cases*, to form our judgments by means of *Experience*.

instance. If, then, philosophers who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else*, however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion. There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England*. In the zenith of his power, his fleets were swept from the sea *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated—at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm; and to the *English* he surrenders himself a prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived



more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem; and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, in which Achilles and the Greeks, *Æneas* and the Trojans (ancestors of the Romans), are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles, merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather suspicious in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities; and induce him to suspend his judgment till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced? . . . I call upon those, therefore who profess themselves advocates of free inquiry,—who disdain to be carried along with the stream of popular opinion,—and who will listen to no testimony that runs counter to experience,—to follow up their own principles fairly and consistently. Let the same mode of argument be adopted in all cases alike; and then it can no longer be attributed to hostile prejudice, but to enlarged and philosophical views. If they have already rejected some histories on the ground of their being strange and marvellous,—of

their relating facts unprecedented, and at variance with the established course of nature,—let them not give credit to another history which lies open to the very same objections—the extraordinary and romantic tale we have been just considering. If they have discredited the testimony of witnesses who are *said* at least to have been disinterested, and to have braved persecutions and death in support of their assertions, can these philosophers consistently listen to and believe the testimony of those who avowedly *get money* by the tales they publish, and who do not even pretend that they incur any serious risk in case of being detected in a falsehood? If in other cases they have refused to listen to an account which has passed through many intermediate hands before it reaches them, and which is defended by those who have an interest in maintaining it,—let them consider through how many and what suspicious hands *this* story has arrived to them, without the possibility of tracing it back to any decidedly authentic source after all; and likewise how strong an interest, in every way, those who have hitherto imposed on them have in keeping up the imposture; let them, in short, show themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians as of priests. But if they are still wedded to the popular

belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in *other* cases, which they yield to in *this*. If, after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.\*

*Whately.*

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DOMINION OF NAPOLEON.—Earthly state has never reached a prouder pinnacle than when Napoleon, in June, 1812, gathered his army at Dresden, that mighty host unequalled in all time, of 450,000, not men merely, but effective soldiers, and there received the homage of subject kings. And now what was the principal adversary of this tremendous power? By whom was it checked, and resisted, and put down? By none, and by nothing, but the direct and manifest interposition of God. I know of no language so well fitted to describe that victorious advance to Moscow, and the utter humiliation of the retreat, as the language of the prophet with respect

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\* From 'Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte,' published by Hatchard, Piccadilly.

to the advance and subsequent destruction of the host of Sennacherib. "When they arose early in the morning, behold they were all dead corpses," applies almost literally to that memorable night of frost in which twenty thousand horses perished, and the strength of the French army was utterly broken. Human instruments, no doubt, were employed in the remainder of the work, nor would I deny to Germany and to Prussia the glories of that great year 1813, nor to England the honour of her victories in Spain, or of the crowning victory of Waterloo. But at the distance of thirty years, those who lived in the time of danger and remember its magnitude, and now calmly review what there was in human strength to avert it, must acknowledge, I think, beyond all controversy, that the deliverance of Europe from the dominion of Napoleon was effected neither by Russia, nor by Germany, nor by England, but by the hand of God alone.

*Dr. Arnold.*

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

DIVINE MESSAGE.—We cannot escape, from our birth, the voice of those Divine messages which tell of goodness that still visits the unthankful and unworthy, and invites them back to the arms of Divine



love. The light may shine more dimly on lands long sunk in spiritual darkness by their own rebellion, but it cannot be extinct while man is born of woman, and enters on a world where sinners every day breathe the air of heaven, are warmed by the sunshine, and refreshed and nourished by the showers of rain and the plenteous fruits of the earth. Man, however vicious, cannot in this life sink himself into an outer darkness where no beam of Divine love reaches the fallen spirit, to attract it upward into the region of purity and peace again. He walks under the blue sky, which declares the glory of its Maker, and bends down over him on every side, as if to embrace him within the arms of an Infinite and Divine compassion. He moves amidst the hills and valleys which the Creator's hand has clothed with beauty, and which drink their life continually from the dews of heaven. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." But goodness, so plentifully displayed towards conscious sinners, is mercy begun. Even where the noonday brightness of the Gospel has not appeared, its dawning light visits the nations, and looks down upon the soul from every star in the firmament, while it beams with a calm and holy light upon spirits that might well be visited with severe strokes of Divine judgment. The things which are made not only proclaim

the power and Godhead of the invisible Creator, but are an hourly witness of His forbearing mercy ; while He shows kindness to the undeserving and the guilty, and makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sends rain upon the just and the unjust. All things around him, from the cradle to the grave, are teaching mankind the threefold lesson—that sin is certain misery ; that their native strength, for regaining the lost image of the Creator, is the helplessness of mere infancy ; and that they are not cast off into a region of hopeless despair, but are still prisoners of hope, and shut in on every side with abundant tokens of their Maker's undeserved and persevering goodness. By a thousand acts of bounty and wisdom, the wandering prodigals are allured to return once more to the true home of their spirits, and to find, through penitence and prayer, that way of life which still lies open before them, and experience that richest of all earthly blessings which constitutes the most delightful foretaste of heavenly felicity,—

“ A Father's kindness in a God of love.”

*Birks.*

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ETERNAL JUDGMENT.—The present is the only state of probation ; beyond it, all is retribution. The redemption of Christ is the only method of moral

restoration. His mediatorial office closes at the end of time, and nowhere do we read that the fires of hell are corrective in their nature or salutary in their issue. Truly has it been asked, "If sinners continued to *deteriorate* under a remedial economy of grace, is their character likely to be *ameliorated* in a state where all the elements of universal evil shall be collected and combined together?" The end of final punishment is not the correction of the offenders, but the vindication of the *justice* of the Supreme Governor, and the salutary admonition of his moral universe.

Thomson.

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THE Heathen sinner will be judged by the light he had; the Christian sinner will be judged by the light he *fled* from.

Chalmers.

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HEARTLESSNESS OF THE WICKED.—All the shameless atrocities of wicked men are nothing to their *heartlessness* towards each other when broken down. As I have seen worms writhing on a carcass, overcrawling each other, and elevating their fiery heads in petty ferocity against each other, while all were enshrined in the corruption of a common

carrion, I have thought—"Ah! shameful picture of *wicked men* tempting each other, abetting each other, until calamity overtook them, and then fighting and devouring, or abandoning each other, without pity or sorrow, or compassion or remorse. Evil men of every degree will use you, flatter you, lead you on until you are useless; then, if the virtuous do not pity you, or God compassionate, you are without a friend in the universe. What gang of gamblers ever intermitted a game for the death of a companion? What debauchee mourns for a debauchee? They would carouse at your funeral, and gamble on your coffin.

H. W. Beecher.

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SCHEFFER'S FRANCISCA RIMINI.—We saw his celebrated picture, Francisca Rimini, representing a cloudy, dark, infernal region, in which two hapless lovers are whirled round and round in mazes of never-ending wrath and anguish. *His* face is hid from view; his attitude expresses the extreme of despair. But she clings to his bosom—what words can tell the depths of love, of anguish, and of endurance unconquerable, written in her pale, sweet face! The picture smote to my heart like a dagger-thrust; I felt its mournful, exquisite beauty as a



libel on my Father in heaven. No; it is *not* God who eternally pursues undying, patient love with storms of vindictive wrath. Alas! well said Jesus, "O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee." The day will come when it will appear in earth's history that sorrowing, invincible tenderness has been all on his part, and that the strange word *long-suffering* means just what it says.

*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

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#### GOD'S LONG-SUFFERING.—

Alas! long-suffering and most patient God,  
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear with us,  
Than even to have made us!

*E. B. Browning.*

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THE GRACIOUS INVITATION.—It is certain that our soul is eternally asking; it has no sooner obtained the object of its desire than it still requires something. The entire universe does not satisfy it; the infinite is the only element of its choice and glory. It likes to rove among innumerable multitudes, and to encompass the largest as well as the smallest dimensions. Elate with ecstasy, and not still

assuaged in its thirst for glory, it finally plunges in the bosom of the Divinity, in which are reunited all the ideas, all the attributes of the Infinite in perfection, in eternity, and in space. If it be impossible for any man to maintain that our hopes are limited by the fatal arrows of death—if it be certain that all the enjoyments of the world, far from satisfying our wishes, only sink our soul in sorrow and perplexity—we must hence conclude there is something beyond the grave. “The ties of this world,” says St. Augustine, “are only severe hardship, false joy, inevitable grief, dangerous pleasures, hard labour, disturbed rest, constant misery, and hope void of real happiness.” Far from complaining that man’s desire of happiness is placed in the world, and its object in another, we even admire therein the goodness and bounty of God. Whereas we are to depart life sooner or later, Providence has placed beyond that miserable span, a charm of mercy and glory, in order to lessen and mitigate the horrors of the grave. When a mother wishes to make her darling child leap over a mark, she holds out to him from the other side some enticing object to encourage him to pass and receive her affectionate kiss.

*Châteaubriand.*

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JESUS CHRIST.—When the Redeemer appeared on earth the feeling of sin and guilt was strong in the hearts of men. They were trying a thousand different means of wiping away their guilt. They only wanted to hear the words, “Behold the Lamb of God, that beareth the sin of the world.” The Old Testament is therefore everywhere presupposed in the New; the proclamation of mercy presupposes the feeling of inextinguishable guilt. “Man layeth his hand upon the flint, and diggeth up mountains by the roots. He cutteth out streams from the rocks, and his eye seeth every precious thing. He bindeth the tears of the brooks, and bringeth the secret thing to the light. But where will he find wisdom, and where is the place of understanding? None knoweth where it lies; it is not found in the land of the living. The abyss saith, It is not in me, and the sea saith, It is not in me. It is hidden from the eyes of all the living, and kept close from the fowls under heaven. Destruction and death say, We have heard the report of it with our ears. *But God knoweth the way to it, and the place thereof, for he seeth the ends of the earth, and beholdeth what is under the whole heaven.*” To this invisible being I would direct you as your teacher. Believe me, *one single drawing from the*

*Father*, and worlds of error are dissolved ; *one single loving kiss from the Son*, and oceans of sin dry up. Take then, my friend, whom I love as I love myself, take the eagle wings of prayer, and, rising above the world, and all that perishes, look boldly at the face of the Eternal !

He who will not believe on Christ must look how he can do without him. For you and me this is impossible. We want some one to raise and hold us while we live, and to lay his hand beneath our head when we come to die. And that *he* can do effectually, according to what is written of him ; and we know no one from whom we would rather receive it. None has ever loved like him. And anything so good and great, as the Bible describes and attributes to him, never entered the heart of man ; and it is far superior to all man's deserts and worth. *Holy is that form* as it rises before the poor pilgrim like a star in the night, and satisfies his deepest wants, and his most hidden expectations and desires. *Tholuck.*

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RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing.

*Sir Humphry Davy.*

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DUKE OF WELLINGTON ON CHRISTIANITY.—The Duke says that the Lord's Prayer alone is an evidence of the truth of Christianity, so admirably is that prayer accommodated to all our wants. I took the Sacrament with the Duke at Stratfieldsaye ; and nothing could be more striking than his unaffected devotion.

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*S. Rogers.*

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.—The efficacy of prayer stands on exactly the same footing with that of any other instrumentality. Active exertion, for instance, is in human affairs the ordinary condition of success ; but its results arise out of God's ordination, and not otherwise. There is no conceivable case, in which a certain consequence follows on active exertion, in which the same consequence might not, if God so pleased, follow on supplication only. Prayer is alike with activity, simply a pre-appointed condition. . . . If the sovereign issue a proclamation to rebels in arms against him, that all, who by a given day shall send in a petition for pardon, shall receive his grace, the proceeding is one which creates no astonishment, and is not marked by any seeming variance from the ordinary course of human transactions. God deals

with us after a similar manner. "Ask and it shall be given," is the message proclaimed to all. If no practical difficulty is found about compliance in the one case, as little should it be found in the other.

*Lord Kinloch.*

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## CHAPTER XIX.

FRUITS OF CHRISTIANITY.—It is to Christianity alone that the world was first indebted for those noble monuments of charity and mercy which are to be found in our hospitals, infirmaries, and other similar institutions. Not a trace of them is to be found among the refined and highly cultivated Greeks and Romans. The Christian agencies, now at work to civilize mankind, are fed direct from the twin founts of inspiration and morality. They are gradually chasing away the shadows of ignorance and sensuality, and melting the manacles and fetters in which cruelty and vice have bound mankind for ages. "The whole world will be Japhetised—which, in religious matters, means, now pre-eminently, that it must be Christianised by the agency of the Teutonic element. Japhet holds the torch of light, to kindle the heavenly fire in all the other families

of the one undivided and indivisible human race. Christianity enlightens only a small portion of the globe; but it will advance, and is already advancing, triumphantly over the whole earth, in the name of Christ, and in the light of the Spirit.”\* That Christianity has a vital influence over individuals, and the nations which they compose. The presence and the absence of it are equally recognised, seen, and felt.

*Samuel Warren.*

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#### EPITAPH ON HENRY MARTYN.—

Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom  
The Christian hero finds a pagan tomb.  
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,  
Points to the glorious trophies that he won.  
Eternal trophies! not with carnage red,  
Not stained with tears by helpless captives shed,  
But trophies of the Cross! for that dear name,  
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,  
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,  
Where danger, death, and shame assault no more.

*Lord Macaulay.*

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GOD'S REWARDS, GREAT REWARDS.—While the first-fruits of his possessions were required from

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\* Bunsen.

the Israelite as a testimony of fidelity, the payment of those first-fruits was nevertheless rewarded, and that connectedly and specifically, by the increase of those possessions. Wealth, and length of days, and peace, were the promised and experienced rewards of his offering, though they were not the objects of it. The tithe paid into the storehouse was the express condition of the blessing which there should not be room enough to receive. And it will be thus always: God never forgets any work or labour of love; and whatever it may be of which the first and best portions or powers have been presented to Him, he will multiply and increase sevenfold. *Ruskin.*

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FUTURE REWARDS.—Future reward is proportioned to our works here: “Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.” This is a truth of which in the long conflict with Popery, Protestants have too much lost sight. Anxious to maintain the most scriptural doctrine of free justification for Christ’s sake, through faith, irrespectively of any good works performed by them, they have too little dwelt upon that *recompense of reward*, in the prospect of which all the saints have so joyfully laboured. . . . The



importance of this doctrine, as quickening to all good works, is very great. It does away with the mere selfish carnal feeling of caring only for a bare salvation from ruin, and leads us to desire to be filled with all the fulness of God. It tends to check all covetousness, spiritual sloth, and indifference, and waste of time. It influences us to a diligent use of property. It promotes spirituality also, for *where our treasure is, there will our heart be also*. It refutes practically the charge of Antinomianism, by presenting to all the most ennobling of all motives to holiness and good works. It quickens us to love our enemies (Luke vi. 35). Such a reward presents also a glorious view of the gracious and lovely character of our God, as having such a fulness of overflowing love. The least degree of glory is more than we deserve, but there is such an exuberance of Divine love, that he will view all acts of kindness shown to our brethren as favours done to himself, and reward us for doing that which it was simply our duty to do. "*Unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy, for thou renderest to every man according to his work*" (Psalm lxii. 12). He not only freely cancels all our debts to him, but he makes himself, by his precious promises, debtors to us for our poor services. *Bickersteth.\**

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\* Rector of Watton.

MAN'S EXPECTANCY.—The expectation of any very great advance in the present scene of things—great, at least, when measured by man's large capacity of conceiving of the good and fair—seems to be, like all human hope when restricted to time, an expectation doomed to disappointment. There are certain limits within which the race improves;—civilization is better than the want of it, and the taught superior to the untaught man. There is a change, too, effected in the moral nature, through that spirit which, by working belief in the heart, brings its aspirations into harmony with the realities of the unseen world, that, in at least its relation to the future state, cannot be estimated too highly. But conception can travel very far beyond even its best effects in their merely secular bearing; nay, it is peculiarly its nature to show the men most truly the subjects of it, how miserably they fall short of the high standard of conduct and feeling which it erects, and to teach them, more emphatically than by words, that their degree of happiness must of necessity be as low as their moral attainments are humble. Further,—man, though he has been increasing in knowledge ever since his appearance on earth, has not been improving in faculty;—a shrewd fact, which

they who expect most from the future of this world would do well to consider. The ancient masters of mind were in no respect inferior in calibre to their successors. We have not yet shot ahead of the old Greeks in either the perception of the beautiful, or in the ability of producing it; there has been no improvement in the inventive faculty since the *Iliad* was written, some three thousand years ago; nor has taste become more exquisite, or the perception of the harmony of numbers more nice, since the age of the *Æneid*. Science is cumulative in its character; and so its votaries in modern times stand on a higher pedestal than their predecessors. But though nature produced a Newton two centuries ago, as she produced a Goliath of Gath at an earlier period, the modern philosophers, as a class, do not exceed in actual stature the worse-informed ancients—the Euclids, Archimedes, and Aristotles. We would be without excuse if, with the Bacon, Milton, and Shakspeare of these latter ages of the world full before us, we recurred to the obsolete belief that the human race is deteriorating; but then, on the other hand, we have certain evidence, that since genius first began unconsciously to register in its works its own bulk and proportions, there has been no increase in the mass or improvement in the quality of in-

dividual mind. As for the dream that there is to be some extraordinary elevation of the general platform of the race achieved by means of education, it is simply the hallucination of the age—the world's present alchemical expedient for converting farthings into guineas, sheerly by dint of scouring. Not but that education is good: it exercises, and, in the ordinary mind, developes faculty. But it will not anticipate the terminal dynasty. Yet further,—man's average capacity of happiness seems to be as limited and as incapable of increase as his average reach of intellect: it is a mediocre capacity at best; nor is it greater by a shade now, in these days of powerlooms and portable manures, than in the times of the old patriarchs. So long, too, as the law of increase continues, man must be subject to the law of death, with its stern attendants, suffering and sorrow; for the two laws go necessarily together; and so long as death reigns, human creatures, in even the best of times, will continue to quit this scene of being without professing much satisfaction at what they have found either in it or themselves. It will no doubt be a less miserable world than it is now, when the good come, as there is reason to hope they one day shall, to be a majority; but it will be felt to be an inferior sort of world even then, and be even



fuller than now of wishes and longings for a better. Let it improve as it may, it will be a scene of probation and trial till the end. And so Faith, undeceived by the mirage of the midway desert, whatever form or name, political or religious, the phantasmagoria may bear, must continue to look beyond its unsolid and tremulous glitter,—its bare rocks exaggerated by the vapour into air-drawn castles, and its stunted bushes magnified into goodly trees; and, fixing her gaze upon the re-creation yet future,—the terminal dynasty yet unbegun,—she must be content to enter upon her final rest,—for she will not enter upon it earlier,—“at return”

“of Him the Woman’s seed,  
Last in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed  
In glory of the Father,—”

*Hugh Miller.*

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THE GOOD TIME COMING.—Hark to the grand lilt of the “Good Time Coming!”—Song which has cheered ten thousand hearts,—which has already taken root that it may live and grow for ever—fitting melody to soothe my dying ears!—Ah! how should there not be A Good Time Coming?—Hope, and trust, and infinite deliverance!—a time

such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive!—coming surely, soon or late, to those for whom a God did not disdain to die.

*Kingsley.*

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MY HOPE.—My only solid hope for the well-being of my country depends not so much on her fleets and armies, not so much on the wisdom of her rulers, or the spirit of her people, as on a persuasion that she still contains many who, in a degenerate age, love and obey the Gospel of Christ,—on the humble trust that the intercession of these may still be prevalent; that, for the sake of these, Heaven may still look upon us with an eye of favour.

*Wilberforce.*

THE END.



